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BLANCHE BERTRAND;
OR,
PERILS OF THE BORDER.

BY ESTEBAN BENNETT.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE INTRODUCTION TO GRIZZLY.

Eugene Fairfax turned ghastly pale, and flatly resked, as the words of Seth Harper, and the terrific yells of the Indians, with an almost paralyzing effect, fell upon his ear.

"Merciful God!" he gasped; "it is what I feared! My worst forebodings are realized."

"Secure the passage!" cried Blanche, turning sublimely upon the boatmen, and speaking in a firm, commanding tone—her beautiful features assuming on the instant an expression of power that Eugene had never before witnessed—her face becoming a shadow, her lips sternly compressed, and her like brow slightly gathering, and her naturally soft blue eyes brightly gleaming with the same fiery spirit which animated the Spartan heroines of other days.

Her command—for such it was, rather than a request—was promptly obeyed; the door, opening from the body of the boat in the stern part of the bow, being instantly closed and barred by Dick Winter, who happened to be standing nearest to it.

"Now, then," said Blanche, resuming her natural tone, "you can deliberate upon the emergency as your leisure; and if you see true to yourselves, the Indians will scarcely enter here without paying dearly for their temerity."

Saying this, she handed the light to Eugene, and, quickly retiring into her own apartment, closed the door behind her. For a few moments—as if amazed at the perfect coolness and presence of mind of one so gently formed and delicately molded, so tenderly reared and carefully nurtured—of one who, under such alarming circumstances, might legitimately have shrunk back in terror and dismay—the young commander stood, light in hand, motionless as a statue, his eyes riveted upon the door whence her graceful figure had disappeared from his view. Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, and half ashamed of his own want of forethought and decision of action, he turned quickly to the boatmen,—whose rough, hardened features while expressed surprise and admiration—did commanded the particular of what had happened.

"Ah a-ha! poor Tom!" sighed Seth Harper, in reply; "I didn't think when he went over to that fair log, 'ddn that infernal bank o' sand, that he'd be a goner so soon. But then natur'is natur, with the best o' us—it mought even her been me instead!"

"But the facts! the facts!" impatiently demanded Eugene.

"Well, you see, Cap'n—for we kin see a little in here, of we couldn't out then—the facts I'm coming to. You, you see, at sight I can make it out, is war about this way." Tom Horrin, you see—well, you did see, or ye ought to have seen—had got over the bow, to fool, as he said, the lay of the land like—though it's not like he facts much use, as he lays on the bank—"

"For Heaven's sake," interrupted Eugene, "do stop your raiting!—can ship your story after the slaughter!"

"Good gor-a-mighty!" exclaimed Seth, in real or affected amazement—" of you calls that thar jesting, Cap'n, over your Tom's scalp like. You done! I war telling the facts, and telling 'em g'inted; but it's like Dick, will tell ye the better—for he's longer-winded and a bigger blower nor me. Here, Dick, just tell the Cap'n what you know about poor Tom and the red niggers, and don't tell him nothing else but the sorry lie."

Thus being called upon, Dick Winter proceeded to state that his unfortunate companion had got over the bow of the boat, and, by taking hold of the bushes, and feeling carefully, and found a safe place for his feet; but he had not proceeded far before, though the bank was low, and the ground rather swampy, he thought he could safely jump to the way round so as to ascertain the turn or bend of the river; and that while apparently about to put the notion of doing this, he had been heard to give a yell of surprise, and then one of pain, accompanied with the declaration that the savages had suddenly seized and stabbed him.

This was all; all the two boatmen knew of the matter—for, as already sufficiently stated, it was too dark to discern any object—and they had instantly hurried below, to give the alarm, and take what measures they could for the safety of all.

"Poor Tom!" returned Eugene, profoundly and sympathetically; "he has met a fate that may soon be ours."

"Yes, poor Tom! lest as I said myself," chimed in Seth Harper, with a doleful air. "We'n, Cap'n, better off nor him now, arn't we?—for we're alive and kicking, and he ain't; and we've got a chance to fight, and he hain't."

"Is everything secure?" demanded Eugene.

"All right and tight, I reckon—for all they had to do," said here we like rats in a trap, with the bellhounds below all round us."

"It is terrible!" groaned Eugene, advancing along the passage, to what was termed the cabin-ships of the boat, where there was a small, open space, which answered the purpose of a general mess-room and sleeping apartment.

A word of explanation may here be proper. We have previously stated that there was a passage running lengthwise through the boat. This passage was not formed by regular partitions, but by the disposition of the freight—bales, boxes, and barrels being stowed away on either hand, except at the part already mentioned in the center, which was left vacant for a space of some six or eight feet square. This open space—room it could not properly be called—was inclosed, as already, two or three rude benches, a few cooking utensils, and various garments, scattered from wooden pegs along the sides. Overhead, supported by buckhorn hooks, depending from the naked cross-beams of the deck, were three or four rifles, with powder-horns, bullet-pouches, and waist-attached; and on the floor was now spread a large straw mattress, from which the two boatmen had been roused and summoned on deck by Eugene—one of them, alas! as subsequent events proved, to return no more.

On either side of the passage entered, to near the bow, was a small cabin—the one on the left being occupied by Blanche and her female servant —and the one on the right, more rudely constructed, by Eugene solely. Each of these cabins had a small window, or opening, about a foot square, which could be closed at pleasure by a sliding panel within; similar ones looked out from either side of the space occupied by the boatmen, and which were also likewise in the stern; all of which were well calculated to serve as port-holes in case of an attack, but neither of them sufficiently capacity to admit of the ingress or egress of the body of a grown person. In fact, such things neither in the center of the deck, the only means of access or exit was through the door near the bow, which we have already seen closed and barred by the order of Blanche.

Everything within and around was, of course, rude and lumbersome—the boat having been constructed with a view to freight, rather than the convenience of passengers; but it had great strength —the plank-covering in most places of sufficient bullet proof and well secured—and this to our voyagers in their present condition, was a matter of far greater importance than more symmetry and beauty.

Setting the light on the slab-table, Eugene threw himself upon a seat beside it, and rested his head upon his hand, with the air of one painfully affected and oppressed by the critical position in which he had found himself placed. Some time he sat thus, not reflect upon himself; and yet he could not avoid the thought, that, had he taken the advice of the boatmen, and run over to the Kentucky shore, matters might have been better now.

"But no human being," he muttered, all aloud, and with something like a sigh, "could have foreseen what has come to pass—though, but as it is, it might probably have been worse."

Then turning to the boatmen, who were in the act of deliberately taking down their loaded rifles —they not having considered the necessity of secure since the closing of the passage—he said:

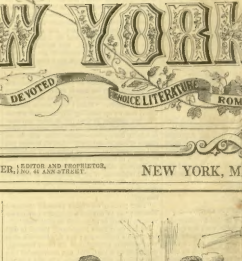
"My friends, you are more experienced in Indian wiles than myself—who, though something over two years in the western country, have never yet encountered either an attack or a fight—and we accidentally what you think of our position here, and what chances we have, if any, of successfully with the enemies?"

"That that's a thing not easy to do, Cap'n," replied Dick Winter; "for it's easy to tell our position when we see—we're outside a board keep; we can hold out fighting the devils, after we know how many on 'em due is. But one thing, I reckon, ar'pretty sure—and that ar', that the bloody lot won't attack us to-night."

"You feel certain of that, do you?" said Eugene.

"Why, nothing ar' exactly certin, Cap'n, what the painted brothers is concerned, 'cept drefeiner; but as fur's my experience goes, they won't be a-bit more anxious to attack a boat as they can't see, nor we'll be to run out and beat them."

"Ah! good heavens!" exclaimed Eugene, rousing up with a sudden thought; "if we only had a skiff—or even a couple of canoes—we might perhaps escape by abandoning the larger craft and goods to our foes! How unfortunate it is that we did not have forethought enough to provide a smaller boat for an emergency like this!"



SETH HARPER'S PRIDE.

"Well, nobody as started out with any sense, Cap'n, would think o' you missing the like. But as this here way, we're tooler'ble safe, any how, as the plied Seth Harper, with perfect coolness, and as carefully inspected the look of his rifle as the light, which now revealed the nature of a thoroughbred hunter, with a rough, rude, but decided appearance of ferocity, in which the spirit of human second struggling with that of Nature. "Yes, Cap'n, it's a good fact, of we had a little boat now, we mought all get off together; and of that ware comes to the answer, we mought all get drowned together; and that there'd be a heap better nor giving the bloody lot more scalps anyhow. Say, Dick, just lend us your knife—this here flint wants pecking."

"But are you sure the Indians will not attempt us to-night, and we not better make another attempt to get our boat adrift?" inquired Eugene.

"That's only one thing agin our trying it," replied Dick; "and that ar', I think it's dangerous."

"How so?"

"Why, it's like the Injuns want attack us, as I said afore; but they know we're here; and it's about a dead certainty, too, that they know why we're here, and exactly how we're fixed; and so they'll keep a sharp watch out, to hear every movement; and the moment they'd learn by the sound as we war trying to get off, they'd be sure to slip in amongst us, and baffle us afore we knowed it, like they done Tom Harris. Ah! poor Tom!" he added, with a sharp sigh, "he was a good fellar, Tom war, and it's hard to lose him."

"I wish to heaven the poor fellow could have had a chance to fight Injun, too!" put in Seth.

"I am!" rejoined Eugene, gloomily; "there is nothing for it but to wait till day-light, and then perhaps become the victims of a barbarous foe."

"Not we'll have a fight for it!" chimed in Seth Harper; "the cusses can't cheat us out o' that, of they do the fixens, and I hope they will."

"Yes," replied Eugene, "there will be a fight fore," he added, with a bitter sigh, "for such a good fellar, Tom war, and it's hard to lose him."

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"Yes," replied Eugene, "there will be a fight fore," he added, with a bitter sigh, "for such a good old ark will make a right smart chance o' a fort, say how; and if were lucky, and don't get lift, we can pepper a heap of the varmints afore they get inside; and arter that ones, it mought be danger'ous to the fust few o' the greasy brutes as put thar noses within their fixen smart wanted."

"We have plenty of ammunition, and at least six good rifles, including my own," said the young commander, in a less desponding tone, as if catching something of the warlike spirit of his rough companions; "and were it not for the peril of the bold to all parties, and the awful responsibility I feel resting upon me, I would view the affair with a much lighter heart than I do. But I will do my best, and that is all the best can do. We will bring our every weapon—every rifle, pistol, knife, tomahawk, and even bludgeon—everything, in short, that we have, if any, to bear upon the foe—and leaving put them all in order, we shall be as well prepared for the attack as it is possible under the circumstances.

"Accordingly the prospect before us is gloomy," pursued Eugene, "it is weakness to despair; and the same feeble fortune which brought us here, may yet carry us safely out of our present peril. In the coming day will disclose! Even should we not be able to get adrift, and thus escape, we may be able to maintain our position here till—Ha! what noise is that?"

"It's the trigger moving," laughed Seth; "he's cocking it down good, and don't know as nothing's happened. Shall I just punch his rite and tell him?"

"You may wake him, if you please, and my't want him."

The facetious boatman put down his rifle, and disappeared in the passage toward the stern. A moment or two after, and he was heard saying:

"Git up, Snow-ball—the Injuns hev attacked the boat, got us all outdoed, and they want you for a counting-piece!"

"Ah!" muttered I what's dat you say?" cried the voice of Dube, in a quavering tone.

"What, by thunder! the brutes has got us this time, and no mistake! and they want to cut you out, take you to powwerful grease."

"Dar, now—dar, now—I see why you lie—and it's a dar case—you're just poking fun at de gen-nun, you be."

"If you think it's fun to be devoured—cyther raw, biled, or roasted—then why in thunder don't you laugh, you baboon?" growled Seth, assuming an angry tone. "Come, up with you—your master wants you—and he'll tell you a thing or two that'll tickle your fancy amazing!"

With this Harper returned to what, for the moment or convenience, we will denominate the mess-room; and was quickly followed by the lumbering negro, upon whom round, chubby face now rested a mingled expression of surprise, curiosity, and alarm.

"Dese yourself, Duke," said Eugene, "and be ready to do your duty when called upon!"

"Wha-wha-what's de matter, Mars- Eugene?" stammered the black, his alarm increasing, and the whites of his eyes enlarging, as he turned inquiringly from one to the other.

"The matter is, that we have run aground in a fog, and are surrounded by Indians, as you would have known ere this, if you had not been as sound a sleeper."

"That I didn't I tell you so, Snow-ball?" grinned Seth. "Jest go and pin your ears back and make your mouth as far that's a big Injun and have at it a-going for to swaller you whole!"

"Is Lor' golly inderun! you is all jest poking fun at de chillun; you is, Mars- Seth," said Duke, his features changing from black to brown, his eyes becoming very conspicuously white, and his teeth fairly chattering with terror.

"I and do as you are bid!" said Eugene, sternly; "and since, as I understand, you have exhausted all your courage and facetiousness, I trust you will now make your words good!"

Duke sunk silently away, to don the remainder of his clothing, his appearance betokening any thing but a happy frame of mind, or a spirit eager for the strife and din of war.

"We shall want some more bullets," said Eugene, as he examined his own and the pouches of his companions; "and they may as well be cast to-night, that everything may be in readiness by the morrow. However, Blake can attend to that, and that I fear is about all he will be good for in the coming struggle."

"Can't be about it!" inquired Dick.

"He should!" explained Seth, contemptuously; "why, the thundering, cowardly lubboon 'ot got the gun wrong end fust, and blow his own head off!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Eugene, with a sudden start—"I had forgotten—we have neglected, and God send it may not prove a fatal one!"

"What?" inquired the two boatmen, in the same breath.

"The sweeps—and the steering oar! we have left them on deck! and should the Indians get hold of them, we shall be at their mercy indeed—for we could not then have any means of working of the boat, or of managing it if afloat."

Seth Harper ripped out a tremendous oath, and cursed himself for having been such a fool as to forget them.

"We've got to hev 'em down here, right soon!" he added, with a more serious air than was usual with him; "for of the greasy imps get a crawling over the deck, as it's like they will afore morning, of they hain't yit, they'll be sure to find 'em, and take 'em away."

"They must be secured, at all hazards!" said Eugene.

"That's a plited fact," returned Seth, taking up a large hunting-knife which lay on the table, and threading it into the sheath of his belt, "and I'll go and do it at once."

"But will it not be dangerous to open the door of the passage?" inquired the young commander.

"Better git 'em through the trap, I reckon," chimed in Dick; "for we can slide that back powerful easy; and by altering over the light, *somebody above, of that's* happen to be anybody thar, could see down below here at all."

This being decided upon as the best plan to be adopted, the four boatmen proceeded to put it in operation. The light was accordingly placed on the floor, and covered over with a bottle; and Seth Harper, removing the table, began cautiously to undo the inner fastenings of the trap door, and slide it noiselessly back. As soon as the opening was thus made large enough to admit his body, he pushed his head and shoulders through, placed his hands upon the deck, and slowly and silently drew himself up—leaving his companions below, ready, in hand, to await in breathless suspense the result of his adventure.

For a few moments all was perfectly still; and then there was suddenly heard a sharp exclamation, accompanied by the noise of a fierce scuffle and struggle; and ere the parties below, alarmed by the sounds, had time to take any action whatever, a piercing shriek rung out upon the still night; and then, almost in the same breath, some heavy body came crashing through the opening, crushing down the table, jarring the whole boat, and filling all hearts with alarm and dismay.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST ASSAULT.

"Gracious Heaven! what have we here?" shouted the voice of Eugene, as he sprung forward to obtain the light, and revealed to his astonished gaze a head of human form, rolling and writhing on together, and all apparently struggling for life and death.

"I've got the beast to a tignier hog nor my b'ar!" cried the voice of Seth Harper, in the midst of the struggle, and in the midst of darkness, all its strength in a desperate struggle. "Lay low, boys, and you'll see how she's the best keeper of the pile!"

"Look out! look out! the devil's in above thar!" yelled Dick Winter, suddenly bringing his pipe to his shoulder, and firing through the opening—the dusky forms of some three or four savages being at the same instant dimly seen by the light, as they pointed down their muskets, uttered their loud, direful whoops, and fired simultaneously—one of their balls slightly grazing the dauntless boatsman, and burying themselves in the stout planks of the bottom, and the remainder in the body and head of Eugene, extinguishing the light, and instantly plunging the cabin in total darkness.

"De Lor' golly hobbens! murder! fire! help!" shouted the terrified voice of the negro, as he threw himself from beneath the disturbed table, and the body of the struggling foe, who had crushed him down in their sudden descent—he having fallen in his hasty retreat with his back to the opening, and encumbered himself under that rude piece of furniture, just in time to escape unhurt from the affray in a manner as unexpected as it was disagreeable. "Murder! fire! help!" he repeated, in the midst of the general confusion, as he endeavored to recover his feet, and darted back through the passage into the way where, alas! lifeless Tom lay, and his companions began to pray all sorts of prayers, in their hagglebox manner as they thought would have forced a laugh from a cynic.

"Secure the trap-door!" shouted Eugene, his loud, sonorous voice being scarcely heard, in the wild confusion and tumult, above the cries and yells of the ruffianly partisans—the screams of the black wench, from the apartment of her mistress, and the groans of the dying.

His order, fortunately, was obeyed almost as soon as uttered—for Blake, Dick, and Seth Harper had his alike, knowing that the salvation of all depended upon the instant closing of the opening, and the sliding of the bolt, which, as we have already stated, was in the act of being done, and securing the door of the passage, when the body of the struggling foe, which had crushed down the table, and which, as we have already stated, was left vacant for a space of some six or eight feet square. This open space—room it could not properly be called—was inclosed, as already, two or three rude benches, a few cooking utensils, and various garments, suspended from wooden pegs along the sides. Overhead, supported by buckhorn hooks, depending from the naked cross-beams of the deck, were three or four rifles, with powder-horns, bullet-pouches, and waist-attached; and on the floor was now spread a large straw mattress, from which the two boatmen had been roused and summoned on deck by Eugene—one of them, alas! as subsequent events proved, to return no more.

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"He should!" explained Seth, contemptuously; "why, the thundering, cowardly lubboon 'ot got the gun wrong end fust, and blow his own head off!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Eugene, with a sudden start—"I had forgotten—we have neglected, and God send it may not prove a fatal one!"

"What?" inquired the two boatmen, in the same breath.

"The sweeps—and the steering oar! we have left them on deck! and should the Indians get hold of them, we shall be at their mercy indeed—for we could not then have any means of working of the boat, or of managing it if afloat."

Seth Harper ripped out a tremendous oath, and cursed himself for having been such a fool as to forget them.

"We've got to hev 'em down here, right soon!" he added, with a more serious air than was usual with him; "for of the greasy imps get a crawling over the deck, as it's like they will afore morning, of they hain't yit, they'll be sure to find 'em, and take 'em away."

"They must be secured, at all hazards!" said Eugene.

"That's a plited fact," returned Seth, taking up a large hunting-knife which lay on the table,

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down, by thunder!" and Dick; "and ther war purty much of a time, right arter, you can av'se," he continued; "for the besten got right over the he confessed; "for the besten got right over the hole, and pointed down at the water, and I seed they did; but I got 'em back safe, so they say so—if I didn't as much, and then I and the whaleboat, and—I got up and stopped the hole here, to keep him out. Didn't you hear the guns, then?"

"I thought I heard something," answered the other; "but I was too ambitious just then to listen. I thought at first I'd get two on 'em—but Sarah—but—however, well, and I spent it war ye one on 'em pile powerful, myself. It war, it Sarah—but—however, well, and I spent it war ye one on 'em pile powerful, myself. It war, it broke sudden, with one o' the yelps, and I kept to broke sudden, with one o' the yelps, and I kept to the other as I moved war 'em round. Didn't he the other as I moved war 'em round. Didn't he ar'n't that Sooner-half now, hollering his prayers?"

"That's the black nigger," replied Dick.

"Well, he oughter be happy, if he said, seeing he's jist the color o' us white gentlemen now."

From the moment of the fall of Seth with his companion, to the closing of the trap-door by his companion, was a space of time scarcely exceeding the log; fifty seconds—though the recording of the log; fifty seconds—though the recording of the explanations of the different speakers, which were scattered about in the most hurried way, have made it appear much longer to the reader; and on hearing the announcement of Dick that the opening was secured, Ringrose had hastened back to his own room to procure another light, with which he appeared in the passage while the boatmen were conversing, the sound of whose voices, though but a few yards distant from their words, assured him that the danger, though imminent a minute before, was not so now.

The first object that met his gaze was the bound Seth Blanchie, standing just within the open door, looking pale but calm. Just behind her was her wedding-garments, and still trembling, writhing in her hands, and sobbing forth her terrors.

"Silence, Rose!" said Blanche, sternly, partly turning to the frightened female. "Is your life more valuable than mine, that you make such a foolish display of your fears?"

"Oh Miss Blanche, I can't help it! dead and dead I can't!" cried the poor creature, shrinkingly dead I can't!" cried the poor creature, shrinkingly timidly back. "Oh, the Lor' Almighty help us! we shall all be murdered, entire!—to-day! dead!"

"Silence!" explained her mistress, "or I shall be compelled to look you in the room."

This threat somewhat quieted down the negress; and Blanche, turning to Ringrose, said:

"What means this firing and tumult? are we really attacked?"

"We have just had a narrow and most wonderful escape," replied Ringrose; who proceeded to explain what had happened, as far as himself knew.

When he came to speak of the firing down of the savages, and the, in fact, capture of the lamp from his hand, Blanche turned a shade more pale, and caught quickly and somewhat nervously at the door, as if for support.

"That was a narrow escape indeed!" she almost gasped; "you might have been killed!"

"I should hold my own life a matter of little consequence, indeed, in the case of your safety!" he rejoined, with a look and tone that carried conviction of the truth of his declaration.

The pallor of the features of Blanche was instantly supplanted by a slight flush, as she replied in a quick, excited tone:

"But it could not, Ringrose—it could not; my safety depends rather upon yours; and so I pray you be not rash, and expose yourself to save that which is worth so little!"

A deep flush, spring to the very temples of Ringrose, as he heard these words so earnestly spoken, and thought for a moment that his fate might not be indifferent to the fair being for whom he lived; but in the same instant he remembered that she had said her safety depended on his, which might be wholly account for her interest in his well-being beyond that of mere friendship; therefore he was soon happy though to think their destiny was indeed degree united, if only for the hour of danger, or perhaps the hour of death.

"I will be cautious of my life, if only for your sake," he replied; "since that a single life lost to our small party must materially lessen the possibility of your escape."

"And what chance have we, as matters stand?" inquired Blanche.

"Alas!" replied Ringrose, in a despondingtone, a deep shade of sadness and gloom overspreading his fine, manly features, "a chance of success if escape are reduced to the fewest number; and I fear that sinking short of an intelligent plan of escape, even save on other from death, or from what may prove by far more terrible, the falling into the hands of our barbarous foes. If we had only had the forethought to have provided a small boat, it is barely possible we might have escaped under cover of this darkness—though it seems that the Indians, perhaps anticipating our attempt at flight, have already taken possession of all the avenues by which it might have been effected, as the sentries by which it might have been effected, as the sentries by which it might have been effected, as the sentries

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SONG OF THE DYING BOY.

BY G. A.

Mother, mother, let me rise then
Once again before I die;
Let me close my arms around them,
On thy bosom let me lie.
Earth is fleeting, fast decaying
From my weary, weary side—
Distant, mother, let me hasten then
For I feel a mortal "Ghost right."

Ah! how sweetly it doth grieve me,
Gentle mother, do believe
That I may not live to cheer thee
In the days of coming years.
Thus to leave thee, and for ever
From my home and friends to part;
Heavy at the heart we sever,
That hath bound my hopeful heart.

Oh! 'tis painful, very painful,
Thus to steal the silent hour;
Torn from all dearly bright and lovely,
To endure a fearful ghost:
Parted from all the little pleasures
That have joy'd my youthful mind—
Bid me not, my mother, sorrow,
Every cheerful thing resigned.

Hark! the bells toll me ringing
Sweetly now their evening lay,
Oh! the glorious day is dawning,
Soon the night is passed away!
Farewell, my mother, farewell,
Beauteous nature, fare thee well;
Longer I may not behold ye,
Native earth, farewell, farewell!

Mother, mother, I am going
To a land of peace and rest,
Where the bitter tear of anguish
Never wets the silent cheek;
Where the soul, escaped for ever
From its mansion of clay,
Burns ecstatic with the splendor
Of a bright eternal day.

Mother, mother, I must leave thee;
See, the chariot-wheels loud wave,
Herald of the King of Terror,
Standeth footed on my brow.
Let me kiss the parched lips burned
Of that blessed mother's mouth;
Mother, mother, soon with me
Thou shalt dwell in heaven's land!

GRACE AUDLEY'S VOW.

BY MARY C. VARDRAN.

"Grace, I am dying! Come nearer, daughter, that I may speak to you, with the little strength that remains, my parting words. It is hard, hard to leave my unprotected children to struggle alone amidst the vicissitudes of life."

"Oh, mother, mother, do not speak such terrible words. You will not leave us! Oh, what shall we do and mamma!——"

"He will be done, my darling—" the mother's feeble voice, in solemn tones, interrupted the wild, passionate utterance of her child. "Know you not, Grace, that 'He doeth all things well?' Even in this solemn hour, as I stand upon the verge of the dark river, with earth and all its beauties fading from, and eaves behind me—all but the repentant tear for my darling's sins, and the prayer to God to judge the great, central truth of God's love. Be calm, my child, and listen to your dying mother."

By a mighty effort the young girl controlled her sobs, wiped the streaming tears from her pale cheeks, and kneeling beside her mother's couch, with her head across clasping that dying form, she prepared to listen in silence.

After a moment of painful thought, that, spite of the spiritual exaltation with which she looked upon her approaching change, would obtrude in its unsparing force, the dying mother spoke:

Her first words were only more necessary directions in relation to worldly matters, clear, simple, distinct, and perfectly comprehended.

"I know you are great, dearest, my Grace," the mother added; "your blind sister, a sacred legacy of care and sacrifice—your blind sister, Alice. Since I have known that I must die, my children have occupied my thoughts even more, perhaps, than they ought. I leave you both a companion, Grace, and that will lighten your own burdens greatly. But Alice is both afflicted and sensitive, exacting and requiring constant care and attendance. Grace, it is a great sacrifice that I demand of you—no less than your promise that you will never leave Alice to any other guardianship than your own; never assume any duties that will conflict with those you owe her. Do you promise?"

"Willingly, my mother; oh, how willingly."

"But do you comprehend all that this promise involves, my child? The complete isolation from all domestic ties; the barrenness of a life without love; the devotion to an object which can return so little for all the mighty decree of kindness bestowed—do you comprehend all these sacrifices?"

"Mother, I love only you and Alice! Her I receive as your sacred legacy. I was pledged ere here, before God, in this solemn hour, I register my promise for my life to be spent for her—that she as you have said; and while we both live, none shall come between me and the fulfillment of my vow. Do you hear me, mother, dear?"

"I hear, and thank you, beloved child. You have lifted a mighty burden from my dying heart. Kiss me once more, and then call Alice."

Kissing her mother's pallid cheek, Grace Audley laid her gently down upon her pillows, and with gentle hand from the room. In a few moments she returned, leading by the hand a weeping child, who, creeping her way with timid steps upon the bed, instinctively imitated her maternity, approached the bed.

Alice Audley flung herself with a cry of agony upon her mother's bosom, while tears streamed from her sightless eyes, and rolled down her pale cheeks. She had just learned that her mother was dying, and the parting which she had never before deemed possible, was close at hand. Her agony was most painful to behold. She had no power to check either the solemn parting words of her beloved parent; but presently, quite overcome by grief, and almost deprived of breath, she rose from the room in the arms of her patient, self-sacrificing, elder sister.

For many hours had passed, Grace Audley stood upon her own youthful inexperience, she was alone, so alone, far from her native land, and the friends of her infancy. But this very charge, and the solemn words by which her mother had bound her to this fulfillment of her duties, seemed, in this sad hour, to give her the needed strength. Kneeling there beside the still form of the dead, she renewed her vow, and besought guidance and support in the path that lay before her, from Him whose promises never fail—the Father of the fatherless.

Then, from out the silent presence of death, she stole to the bedside of her sister, who lay sobbing and moaning in the extremity of her fearful grief, and the darkness that shrouded her young life. And the little one was comforted as she felt those dear arms twine softly around her, and heard the loving words of consolation whispered in her ear by the beloved voice, and she sank to sleep, her sorrow all forgotten, with her head pillowed on that bosom whose deeper grief she little comprehended.

The Audleys were rich but friendless. The orphan girls, were thus thrown from helping their mother in the grave, knew that the broad ocean rolled between them and all their kindred. There were but two persons to whom Grace could turn for counsel—the clergyman of the parish, whose years had just pronounced the brotherhood at her mother's grave, and the eminent lawyer, by whom alone her husband's affairs had been managed, and all been managed. And these two had been named the guardians of her children.

For a few days these gentlemen were busily employed in examining the late Mrs. Audley's papers, and arranging the affairs of their joint trust. During those days Mr. Wylie was a guest at the paternal cottage, but on account was the business ended then he hurried away to his city home.

Before he went, however, the kind-hearted, bustling man found time to say a few words of cheerful import to the orphans.

"You are looking pale, Miss Audley," he said, "and worn. Don't be in your hurry to be an old woman and care-wight you down. You would not with your mother's money, and your own, and be endowed in her last days. You are young yet, and though the burden that is laid upon you is heavy, you must bear it with the elasticity that belongs to your years. Hope to see you looking well and cheerful when I return, or a little doctor-physician may. And then you must be ready to return with me to Gravity; and you, Miss Alice, you shall have in a wonderful new doctor just arrived, with dispensers from all the courts, and orders from all the sovereigns of Europe. I shall see if he can do anything for Alice, and I'll be around bring her to the pet under his care."

"You are very, very kind, Mr. Wylie," Grace answered, gratefully, "but I cannot think of leaving home this winter, unless for Alice's sake. Mamma, you know, consulted the best physicians for her, but if this can be of any service I shall not think of anything else."

"Well, well, my dear, we shall see. If we can bring sight to those pretty eyes once more, Alice will be too great a sacrifice. I shall see the doctor at once, and if his answer is favorable will take Miss Whyte to make all needful preparations for you. So keep your mind in the hope of the child's recovery."

So saying, and bidding his youthful wards a kindly farewell, Mr. Wylie departed for the metropolis.

Very lonely and, and were the days that followed. Every object, animate and inanimate, stood her home continually reminded Grace of the dear one there—there were the dresses she had worn, the books she had read, the chairs upon which she had sat, the piano-forte and harp which had so often returned sweet music to her touch. There were her faithful and attached servants, her pony and dog, and the children she had petted, and the sadness in every face was deeply responsive to that in her own great loss. But, for the sake of the blind child, she resolutely struggled against her own deep sorrow, and bent herself to the task of consoling and attending the little helpless creature whom she had now had been left. And thus commenced her long years of sacrifice.

Her long cause a letter from Mr. Whyte announcing that the new physician-oculist had arrived, and would see and examine Alice's eyes. Grace gladly commenced her preparations for removal to the city.

The week preceding Christmas brought Mr. Whyte, as usual cheery and bustling, and Alice, who was very fond of him, with Grace herself, but not like the sunlight that she had never seen. He came to announce that the new doctor and Christmas eve Grace found herself established, with Alice and their old nurse, in the handsome city apartments prepared for them by Mrs. Whyte.

Mrs. Whyte was a quiet, gentle woman, the very opposite in manner of her bustling husband, but of a kindly disposition that sealed his own. She was pained to witness the sympathy shown to her home. Their coming seemed to fill a void in the large, silent rooms and parts of the house, which had been left desolate by the death of her only child. Grace Whyte had died in her early youth, and her womanhood, the victim of a slight cold taken at school, and neglected, until the fatal consumption set in, and, only arrived to stand helplessly and griefstricken beside her dying child. Mrs. Whyte had desolate mother had dearly loved young girls, for the last one's sake.

Leading the blind, trembling Alice by the hand, Grace descended to dinner on the evening of her arrival. The lamplight fell softly upon the face of Mrs. Whyte, and was therefore surprised to see a thin, pale stranger, a young girl, seated at the head left a few minutes previously in the parlor.

Mrs. Whyte came forward to meet her guests, and introduced them to her nephew, Mr. Hugh Melville. As Mr. Melville bowed to her, and gave to look the little band, Grace thought that the blind girl's form at solicitude), Grace found time to look at him; and certainly, as he stood on the hearth-rug, he was a handsome, noble-looking man, of about twenty-five, with the stamp of high birth and breeding upon his every feature and movement.

A face not regularly handsome, indeed with almost a feminine beauty, but expressive of power, but un-illuminated from within by a soul as noble, and bright, and exalted, that one forgot, in the first gaze upon it, to desire the outward gift of beauty. So thought Grace then, and after time more than confirmed her first impression. She was soon to be knowledged to herself the pleasure with which she looked upon the handsome face, and the delight of herself, that she should see him every day, hear his voice, and listen to his words. Such natural thoughts, in their appropriate garniture of well-chosen words that flowed from his lips.

Unused to society her mother's decease, she believed that the chief pleasure she derived from the presence of Mr. Melville arose from his kind attentions to Alice, and she felt incorporeally grateful for the evidence of sympathy which he expressed in the result of the morrow's visit to the celebrated physician.

The great man's verdict was favorable when he had made an examination of the blind child's case; she was not incurable, and would receive such treatment, and it was decided that the Audleys should spend the winter in the city.

It was a very happy winter to Grace—quietly and correctly happy. She had no time for forgetfulness, or ceased to mourn for her mother; not that the downcasting of her orphanage was any less real; and that the burden was in any present degree lifted from her shoulders. But she had hope for Alice, she was surrounded by kind and congenial friends, and, all unknown to herself, the sensual influence of love grew, intense and strong, was accumulating her; her spirit bathed in it, and gained new strength and beauty, and went out to meet it with silent, unconscious, but fitting ecstasy.

So passed away the three months of probation which had been fixed upon ere the necessary operation should be performed. The day arrived, and Grace, nerving herself for the trial, accompanied the child to the oculist's room with her heart prepared for the purpose. Mindful of her vow, and feeling acutely her duty to discharge her trust, she remained, in spite of her shrinking horror at what she was compelled to witness, beside the child till all was over, till the last bandage had been applied, and, in the darkness of her own room, the sufferer had been laid to rest. Then, in tearful gratitude to drop for words, she sat down beside the couch, on which lay her young sister, to be patient of the physician still ringing in her ears.

After that day Alice grew daily, and with proper care, unless some unforeseen symptom intervened, to recover sight within a few weeks, he quite restored to sight."

Hugh Melville had waited for this, and not many days passed ere he sought and obtained an interview with Grace, in which he told her of his love, and asked her to become his wife.

Grace listened at first with a deep, silent joy, at thought of being chosen from all the world to be the companion of this truly good man, so earnest in thought, and deed, and faith, so strong, and true to all the highest lobulitions of his being. But, as he proceeded, her feelings changed in a manner he was too truly modest to believe necessary to himself, and the color went, now and then, and mother's dying words in solemn explanation of the injunctions incurred by her.

Pale and trembling, she compelled to gentle sooner her own doom, she told him all, her agitation so great as to be startling to one of her perfect self-possession, and, before he could utter a word, or even a moment; she, as a thought flashed upon her mind, she added, with a firmness that surprised him hightened up his features.

"Before you depart, my dear Miss Audley," he asked, "that an entire change of circumstances, such as would place Alice in quite a different relation to you, and to myself, would not induce you to withdraw your promise?"

"Never, never!" she replied, with a shudder, the words were spoken that bound them in a conditional engagement. Grace was then, comparatively, all fears, and abandoned themselves to their dream of happiness, unmarred by the thought of a future, the entire recovery of Alice from her misfortune, and the fulfillment of her mother's vow, and her obligations of a wife.

Two more years rolled by, and with prosperity and love, and Grace Audley's life was a full one. Her husband was all that she had dreamed of, and more, and Alice, the blind child, was restored to sight, and was the idol of her sister and brother-in-law. Mrs. Whyte had died, and left a handsome bequest to Grace, and Mr. Wylie, the guardian, was the friend of the family.

Grace had gone from the sick room of her mother, and her husband, to the nursery of her own children, and there, in the midst of her own happiness, she had not forgotten the vow that she had made in the hour of her mother's death, and the sacrifice that she had made to fulfill it.

Alice, the blind child, who had been restored to sight, was now a beautiful young woman, and her sister's own children were growing up around her, and her self-sacrificing life was full of blessings.

Her husband, who had been her lover, and who had been her friend, was her companion, and her sympathizing confidant, and her counselor, and her guide, and her protector, and her all in all.

Her self-sacrificing life was full of blessings.

ALONE IN LIFE

What is the world to some discouraging than the feeling that is our struggle through life, in our trials, and our disappointments, there are none to sympathize or care for us? No man can go very far with such a feeling, however, without finding he goes alone.

We are made to be rendered happier and better by each other's notice, appreciation, help, and praise; and the hearts that are debarred from these influences inevitably wither, harden, or feed.

Here and there are found persons who, from pride, over-sensitiveness, or from natural reserve, (which they then seek to hide) affect to be altogether independent of the notice and regard of their fellow-beings; but it's a very safe assertion to make, that never yet was there one human heart that did not, at some time, and in some tender and yearning hour, long for the sympathy of other hearts. And there is *nobility* in this feeling. It is the offspring of God. Even He, all-perfect as he is, cannot be satisfied without giving and loving. And in this truth we may find a key to an awful mystery. For many darkened and desolate minds have pleased the divine heart, and in order to obtain the sympathy, the acquiescence, and homage, those creatures from whom He desired to be loved, he made them free to will, and accede to him and repel their Maker, as well as to love Him with the sweet of love and worship. Only thus would their love be of any value to Him who wrote them from the cradle to the grave, for God is just like man in the fact that he cannot value forced gifts. 'Tis the free offering—the free, generous love of the heart that makes the image of joy to the receiving heart. And there is not in the wide universe, from the highest archangel and his hosts down that they are exceptions that can be positively happy unless he be sympathized with and loved.

OBSCURE PASSAGES IN THE BIBLE.

A gentleman who visits with great regularity the Philadelphia penitentiary, the inmates of which his piety prompts him to instruct, had given a little to a convict, who made him a text, and said, with much shrewdness, some difficult question formed from portions of the sacred volume, each time declaring he would not go on if this was not explained to him. The gentleman was unable to extricate him from the toils in which he had set him, dwelt upon those passages which he could easily understand, and, of course, passed by the obscure. After many fruitless trials to induce the convict, he said, in this the best way I can—

"What would you think of a very hungry man who had the option of either a fine dish for the one twenty-four hours, and was asked by a charitable person to dine at one of two tables, a well covered table, on which were large dishes of choice meat, and also covered ones, the contents of which the hungry man did not know. Instead of satisfying his exhausted body with the former, he takes one mouthful from each of the latter dishes, and the more unknown dishes are composed of. In spite of the advice of the charitable man to partake first of the more substantial dishes, he dwells with unbounded delight upon the mysterious dishes of compound, and refuses to partake of the former. The convict, with much warmth, replied, 'Why, sir, I would be the one to begin; I understand it.'"

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

Guard against self-sufficiency and vanity. This temper is an effectual barrier to high intellectual improvement. Nothing more betrays the small extent and imperfection of your attainments on the vast region of science and art than a conceit of by you; on the ten thousand books that you have never read, and the ten thousand subjects you have not even heard. Remember one the holy attainments that have been made by the most profound intellects both of ancient and modern days. Read to early the writings of those great and good men who were distinguished for their general knowledge, and the love of God and mankind, as Bacon, Milton, of Locke, of Hale, of Addison, of Haller, of Doddridge, of Johnson, and of other accomplished and pious scholars. Observe the strokes of intellectual and intense industry with which they contended against the formidable impediments which they made—their high valuation of time—their unwearied patience in research—their habits and attainments with their—not to repeat—their unaffected humility, proceeding from a sparkly and shoh, to a noble estimation of rising to the standard of truth. Let me suggest that three mighty scholars attained to distinction and fame; it was by patient, persevering, unsleeping industry

JEALOUSY.

Avarice, ambition, terror, may have mercy; but there is no relenting quality in the human breast when very instinct is murder. Once lodged within the breast, it is like the worm implanted into the sports in the solitude like an arctic fiend! It pants for blood, and rivers will not sate its thirst. Blind and deaf to reason and what would seem self-evident absurdities, it is the most unreasonable of all passions. Suspicion is the only thing which can be called a passion, and that is the only thing which can be called a passion, and that is the only thing which can be called a passion, and that

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ROBERT BONNER, PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1856.

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OUT IN THE FIELDS.

Verily, in this blossoming season of the year it is something to be a denizen of the country, a sojourner in the midst of "green fields and pastures new"—a land of the land. The May month, crowned with the garland of delicately bloome, with all her valleys and hill sides arrayed with the young verdure of the renewing year, is a glorious month—and the year a year when every thing is fresh and blooming, and glorious than ever. Here in the cool city, we can only faintly fancy all the joys that "out in the fields." Not an orchard, but seems to bower from its myriad blossoms, with odorous perfumes of a delicious fruit harvest when the golden autumn shall come; not a lawn, but carries forth its primrose from behind the dark edge of a garden, but wears its flowers to token of gladness for sunshine and showers; not a hill, but has its dimpled bit winds out in nature's great anthem its most musical cadence, while the brown meadows and the brides athwart its growing domain, gaining proudly over its posse of grain fields and meadows, declaring that for His beauteous blessings the earth is glad, earth, whose bosom yields such unfailing nurture and delight to man.

But all metaphor aside, it is the general beauty of the country that the sense of the city man most perplexes, thus far, for the tiller of the soil. Rather, warmer, and sweeter than usual, the Spring has unfolded her rarest facilities and gifts to the cultivator, and others. Every where, the grain fields, gardens, and orchards so universally forward. More planting over all the land was never known at this season, and all is lush in the most promising condition. The vegetable kingdom is unprecedentedly advanced, and of flower and fruit there is no end of present prophecy. To appreciate the hopeful splendor of the farm-world, one must by the city and go "out in the fields." There all is fragrant, musical, magnificent. No crisis, no panic, no bankruptcy in the green and flowering dominions of nature.

How truly is the farmer the "lord of the land." With an untold, an eternal fee in his independent, so healthy, so cheerful and happy as he! Whether he wake or sleep, his fields, and gardens, and orchards, bring forth their harvests, and his flocks and herds their increase. Beauty and Increase are under his fostering care. The seasons in their walks almost, are pictures to delight the eye, and exalt, and gratify the reflective mind. The bounty, the perpetual care and goodness of God, are so where no visible and impressive as "out in the fields." Though it be not for all present to drive in the city, and from the gladdening scenes of nature, and the kindly influences of open landscape, shimmering waters and fresh air, we cannot forget the daily hope that it will yet be our fate to realize "out in the fields," and we earnestly feel the deepest sympathy with the city man who sings

"O give me a cot in the valley I love,
A mule in the pasture, a horse in the grove."

"OUDGEONS."

The gudgeon is described, by familiar historians, as a small, fresh-water fish, whose peculiar characteristic is that it is very easily caught, and is especially talking in the confines of other fishes—particularly the trout, which is by opposite in this respect—but also in the power, if not the disposition, of resistance to the neglect. Indeed, like the well among quadrupeds, it is a practical non-resistant.

Who will say there are not people who would apply to designated, figuratively, the above term? Do we not find them at every turn, in business and social life? These men "who are easily caught by the wiley. When caught and "done for," they make no resistance. Not because they are conscientiously opposed to defending themselves, but by reason of their want of ready courage, or their ignorance of ways and means and the relations of things. If there were no "sharpers" to practice on, these gudgeons would be "caught" in other ways. It is their "manifest destiny." And they are born and bred for the purpose, and will not be without their uses. They may show the need of parents not only giving their children a good school education, but of also affording them the aids of the family press, that they may be "forewarned and forearmed" and safe, not for the ignorant and the unwary, by a living example of rare and dangerous—and it has been well said, "forewarned, forearmed."

It is ignorance of practical life which furnishes the victims of the sharks social intercourse, and in which those who live by catching them get a living. To dry up, or, at least, all we can by any mode of preventing their prevalence and their fate.

MANNERS.

A country paper, (whose editor, by the way, is angry at us because we decline to advertise in his journal,) finds fault with the Lancet, and accordingly remarks, among other things, that we propose to correspondents are chiefly devoted to teaching young people manners and other silly things. Did it never occur to this country editor that manners are even of more importance than laws. Upon them, to a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then. Manners are what we or make, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in—they give their whole form and color to our lives—according to their quality they add morals, they apply them, or they totally destroy them.

THE DEAD.

How multitudinous are the dead! How populous the silent cities where they dwell! Close, but peaceful they rest, under shells and spires of marble, or perchance without even the rudest memorial to the activities they once knew. But populous they once displayed. Two hundred times more than all the generations of the living, occupy the sod there in church-yard, cemetery, and by the way-side. Myriad millions, obedient to the awful doom, the grave must receive their dust. Passion reigns from the halls of life—the gay, the proud, the rich, the poor, the bride and lover; brothers and sisters all, with one God for their common father, one earth for their common one turf to hide their dust. What history, what romance, what poetry, what secrets and mysteries are locked with them in the grave.

And here now, we shall see all much down thither, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest! down thither where the deep is dreamless, with the great day when the trumpet shall sound, bidding the nations of the dead to arise! Sacred, and grand, and reverence fragrant with the breath of flowers, and musical with the sound of gentlest foot-falls, and the songs of birds, be the places of graves—the homes of the dead. There rest the bride, the lover, the child, the father, or mother, or brothers, or sisters, or friends —or if any were foes, their enmity lives not in the tomb. Good or bad, as was the record of their lives, be it ours to reverence their dust—God will judge them; God, who is the searcher of hearts and who is wiser, and more merciful than man.

Verily, it is sacred for us the habitation of the dead. What they were, and what they have not, and should concern us every hour. Their example guides, their precedent governs, their wisdom teaches, their experience warns, their blesses, and their riches enrich us. Reunion to the dead, and may the good God so shape our lives, that when we shall come to them, they may receive it may be, but without fear and, without reproach.

TROUBLE BREWING.

Nominally quiet, and apparently at peace with herself and the world, yet Europe gives signs of chronic trouble—smiling and breeding in the midst of decaying bones. Corrupt and ethic in her governments and institutions, she is full of the latent diplomatic leeches can scarcely keep her rest. The very sunshine seems to be full of fire—the very skin deep, where the slightest "pocks" or scratches will feed the whole system with disorder to the surface. France and Austria look darkly to each other—Italy and Hungary give the poor Hapsburger no peace—while Rome is the most irritable tenant his Gallic neighbor, spite of protestations and professions, has ever had. Spain, especially, and nursing a great destiny, rekindle her flame, and blights or betakes the last rest of the Constantinople, while England, France, Russia and the Turk, combined, are trying to put out the fires of the diamond-eyed, often foolish, but, after all, pretty well civilized Mussulman.

Europe will not keep the peace long. She has a "chip on the shoulder," and various other parties are looking for a good chance to knock it off. Louis Napoleon, but for his repressive genius and indomitable will, would have had a war on his hands time, and we venture to predict that he estimate before long. Only one power is there that is at all a half *insular*—is really strong, safe, and progressive. That power is Russia, and she is growing and vigorous, and instead of retrograding toward the east where she has room for growth, is looking for empires, and assassinations for emperors—is pushing her frontiers, including her governments, more of her earth, and by a careful adoption of all the new science and new industry, preparing to lead the civilization of the Old World. *Aesthetics* is her motto, and it will lead her to conquests more glorious and lasting than are to be expected from thrones at the beck of the despot's sword.

THE SEASON OF FLOWERS.

The season of flowers is now at hand. And how lovely it appears in the country! Not in the trees, these associations are not unattended to all. In the grass plots, in the fields, in the gardens, in the meres and art, but little in this respect—they are wanting to thousands. Immured by bricks and mortar they live and die in their lives. They are a help for them.

But so in the country—the green open country, which God himself has made—for, as the saying is, God made the country, and man the city, and to anybody may enjoy the blessings of fair Flora's kingdom. They may behold flowers of every hue and odor, by the wayside, even to my nothing of the garden, the meadow, and by the river, and their perfume. This they may do without trouble. But, besides, there is and a rural pleasure in the cultivation of them which will be found for their culture. Let them be cultivated by all means! Let the flowers—the beautiful, the country friends will not forget the roses, of which a sweet-smelling bud was offered to the Saviour, and to himself say enchanting scene, but he finished the flowers, and the flowers of the flowers have been pointed to as a proof of God's impartiality in his children. In every country endeavor to proper appreciation, we fear. Yet it should not. It never could, on the part of such as consider of how many mercies the beauty and fragrance of the rose is symbolical. These may be, in part, unappreciated by the "busy" countrymen and dusty, youth, and refinement!

Let it still be thankful to a beautiful Providence for the spring, and enjoy its blessings while we may! Let gardens still be formed—orchards not only make any human being worse. It ought to make him better as well as happier.

UNMARRIED FEMALES IN FRANCE.

Married women are everything in France—the unmarried nothing. Whatever you see a married man and lady engaged in conversation together, you may conclude, with unerring certainty, that the lady is married. However many handsome unmarried females you may encounter, you can pay any attention to them. They are left to their own reverence beside their governess or aunts. Or, if a gentleman happens to speak at all to any of them, it is in the coldest and most measured imaginable manner. Every word is there so fit for the mother, or for the matron who has been a wife, that it seems to be the very thing for herself. An unmarried lady is never allowed, under any possible circumstances, to be a single moment in the company of a gentleman, except in the presence of her mamma, or some other matronly relative. She is never suffered to cross, alone, the threshold of her father's house, or the boarding-school of which she is an inmate. She is, in effect, as much a prisoner as if she were bounded by under the charge of a keeper. Even in the presence of her mamma, or the near relative who may be her guardian, she is expected to be constantly distant and reserved when in the society of men.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A CHAPTER FOR THE BRETHREN.

Do gudgeons exist only in the country, or women? I am plenty of men who do it—whose heads, hearts, and lives and lives, are as unexceptionable as I with their manners were; but do they, or can they? Is there still a man in this Cession migration from the halls of life—the great, the rich, the poor, the bride, the lover, brothers and sisters all, with one God for their common father, one earth for their common one turf to hide their dust. What history, what romance, what poetry, what secrets and mysteries are locked with them in the grave.

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PARTY SPIRIT.

Who that has, perchance, before the present epoch in the history of our great country, succeeded in persuading himself that parties are not a source of much evil, whatever of good they bring in their train will any longer as to the baleful influence of party spirit?

Look at Washington! Look at Albany! Behold the servants of the "dear people," (before election) how they have used the people's time! The Legislature of the Empire State, it is stated, on all hands, have done nothing worthy of mention during the session of the first part of the session, just closed, was wasted in a triangular contest for the official control of the Assembly, and the "spoils." That contest seen over, the public had a right to expect that the members would go to work, and do something worth paying their per diem for. And yet they have, in the main, given us local promises instead of laws—mere talk, talk, talk—not "settling clay!" And yet it is agreed that there were a number of interests, general as well as local, that imperatively demand action!

How much better do we find legislative affairs in Congress! There, the greater part of the session has been wrangled away over "Kansas," with a question involved which it would not require hours to settle, if there practical, fair-dealing, business men had it in charge as arbitrators! But the willing parties on the rest of it has been spouted away in the consideration of the proper ways and means of protecting life in the National Metropolis!—the necessity for which the rowdy example of their own members, not a few of them, has given in a great measure!

It is recorded of a dumb son of the ancient military Spartans, that when he saw a party of lacedemonians, or society one of the soldiers of Cyprus about to slay his father, he filled one silence was so violent that they actually loosened his tongue, and he found him to shout in a voice which saved the victim's life! The people of the State and the Nation have long appeared to be equally dumb. When, if ever, there was a time to give their voice in the National Legislature, it is now. Their interests—are in danger, and they will stand loud enough to be heard and heeded at both Albany and Washington!

"WEDYARD, HO!"

If any one lacks appreciation of the rapidity of our imperial spread westward, he needs but to take a glance at the subscription books of some widely circulating paper, to satisfy himself that it is truly wonderful, even in this age of wonders. Not a week passes by during which we do not receive from for the Lyceum tree settlements—some of them seeming to be young cities—whence the latest edition of the most comprehensive gazetteer fails to find the name of the locality whatever.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way," and "Westward, ho!" is the motto on the flag of triumph which it illumes! From the time when this mighty continent, clothed with forests, appeared to the dreamy, inhospitable eastern to the eye of the first European settlers, each revolving year has witnessed a march of the star, a progress of the flag.

Whatever of mistakes may be committed in the rapidity of civilization, from one set of every step to the other, executing the will of millions of men, there is no mistake in the general progress. Behold the towns and cities that have, as it were, sprung up, as it were, in a night, in the bosom of a wilderness! Mark their lofty and imposing edifices, their steam engines and their devoted to commerce, literature and art—their immense workshops, where varied machinery is at work for the use of man's hand—their printing establishments, where the press is throwing off the impressionless of its mighty power—their widely reaching and diverging railroads, on which the locomotive pauses on principle—and the telegraphic lines, over which intelligence flies, upon the wings of electricity, from one end of the country to the other, executing the will of millions of men, and not been in their wildest schemes of boundless or pleasure!

"Westward, ho!" is the motto which ever expresses the spirit of all this progress. The "west" of to-day will have us "west" to-morrow, where the setting sun appears as if by magic—and a mighty land is it, wielded by brains and arms which are "westward, ho!"

ACCEPTABLE "GAMMON."

The curious visitor to Litchfield, England... says a correspondent, beyond visiting the house where Johnson was born, the house of Addison, Garrick, Mary Wollstonecraft, and the nine-by birth-place of Anderson, will not fail to visit the "Bishop's Palace," and the cathedral contiguous ago in the parish of Litchfield. Some quaint old chairs or Norman fashioned to the privy of Dunmow the means of giving a "flitch," or flitch of Bacon, to each and every married couple of the parish who could swear that they had lived a twelve-month and a day without quarrel or difference. The chronicles of the parish state that three gunmows were claimed pursuant to the regulations of the religious (monkish) establishments—the first in the reign of Henry the Second, and three since—the last in the year 1751. The device is still in force, but no claimants have appeared within the last century. The claimants had to take the following oath, to receive the flitch:

"You shall swear by custom of confession,
That you never made unquiet conversation;
Nor rise you were married man and wife,
Nor since you were married quarrelled each other,
Or else were sit bed or at board,
Nor called each other in foul or in word;
Or come the parish-clerk and sense,
Or else in the church-yard or churchstile,
Or in a tavern, ale-house, or inn,
Or else in the street or highway,
But continued lovingly to each and sisters
As when you joined hands in holy space,
And continue without strife or debate:
Or your own accord you will freely swear,
A whole gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it home with our love and good favour;
For this is our custom at Dunmow well known."

The wife of a wine-dealer in the city of Bruges, Belgium, recently died, and was buried by hanging her husband in her shroud, as she had requested. Her husband, on which was written, "Pardon her, Lord, for she has sinned." The next day, being also a wine merchant, and seeing his own death approaching, he wrote, and hanging upon his breast with all haste, died.

One of the clergymen of Hartford, Conn., says the Courant, has a parishioner who owns a cow, which farmer have called on him to converse on the subject of religion. The cow, it seems, was found a great deal of trouble.

A young lad named William Fitzsimmons was recently arrested in this city for stealing $2,000 in bank notes from his employer. On finding himself in the clutches of the officer, he showed the latter where he had secreted the money, and it was all recovered.

The country papers are coming down reversely on the "gift enterprise" swindlers, some of whom have imposed considerably upon our rural correspondents. The very property carriers their readers against every project which has the "gift" feature in any way associated with it.

During a recent thunderstorm near the town of Harrodsburg, Ky., a man in terrorized was struck by lightning and killed, but, strange to say, the horse escaped unhurt.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER.

BY C. CHESTON.

An editor, we believe a very worthy one, who has started a new political paper, gives his reasons for establishing the perilous enterprise. He says, the organs of the political bureaus are partizans; the clergy are gentlemen; the lawyers are lawyers; the doctors are doctors; the merchants are merchants; and therefore, he must start on an errant and do battle for the right. Never believe that a man has been a slave of a money lending to the accumulating fortune to him a chamber slave. What if a man has no love to his fellow men and he cannot help it, he has no manner of chance to his fault.

Many a man has been ruined by vainly quarrel with one that he can cheat. His revenge is plunder; therefore he is spared the mere begging of bread, upon the principle that if he cares to an open rupture he must defend himself, and that he can only do so successfully when it is to keep his enemy in another's pocket.

Man, in his highest dignity, may justly call himself a child of the creation. The beautiful and majestic earth is his heritage, and the glorious sun his minister. God is everywhere round about him, and a humble contemplation is before him.

In a case, upon Gene Loker, will come up also in connection with thinks of saying his things. He pleads, not many years since, that he was a minor, and, therefore, his ten rats of the Bank's money vanished in society.

Chauncey very skillfully evaded the opposite unsuccessful authors when he says that many a work succeeds because the reader who writes it does not encroach enough with the mediocrity of the public's ideas.

Many persons say we might either become reconciled to what we consider a hard lot by comparing ourselves with those who are worse off, and we possess riches and those who live possess what we want.

An Albany paper speaks of an institution, nearly all of whose students get grossly intoxicated on the Fourth of July. Thus, that which we have supposed was a high school.

Mr. Lincoln has come over to our party," said a politician exultingly to an opponent.—"Well, if your party has got so low down as to take him in, I guess it is high time he is a Democrat."

We have been to the Capitol to see your friends the other day, and they were very anxious to be remembered to you. Which of the friends?

"I talk of selling my lot," said a man of not very prepossessing appearance. "I don't want to sell my cheap, for I know you have frequently fallen on it."

Be a man shrink himself up from society because he has lost a few dollars. Remember that Columbus was seeking for a continent.

A young stock-broker, having married a very fat old widow worth half a million, said that it wasn't his fault if he married a woman of such size.

"I SHOULDN'T care much about the bugs," said a Western editor, "if they would only let the potatoes alone. That's the only thing which we do not complain of."

"What do you propose to take for your cold?" said a lady to a sneezing gentleman. "Oh, I'll not say I'll take any thing, but I'll take the price of it."

Throughout most of the partizan newspapers are to be found columns of "Literary Notices," and the general character of these notices may be deemed by the name.

As the river flows out from under the shadow of the willow that bends over its waters, so the cheerful eyes of a happy woman is the sun in a cloudy day.

There are many moral Actresses who are so because they have not had sufficient temptation, and the liberties one was by its friends.

A man, to be wise and healthy, should always marry two good digestors, a good brain and a good stomach—the first to digest his knowledge, the second his victuals.

We have heard it remarked by a gentleman of this city, that he was happy to find, in reading the Ledger, the genuine *home* air.

"Have you been the phrase, "I may say without vanity," you may be sure some characteristic vanity will follow in the same breath.

It is said that the difference between a doctor and a magician is that one is a conjurer, and the other a sorcerer.

The attention of young farmers has been called to the fact that the most effectual way to destroy weeds is to keep them down.

Lazing of fashion shares their happiness to feel that they are created in this city for reading Ledger.

"Wollen's you know this youth to be my son?" "Oh, yes, the mother's name is stamped on the cloth."

CURRENT ITEMS.

An American ship captain, runaway from the coast of Africa, says that while lying at anchor in a small bay, he was visited by a native chief, who came on board in a canoe, and presented him with a present of fruit from the interior, with his wife and mother, one day came to the ship, and after partaking of a hearty meal, they went and the chief, fearing that he could not save both of his companions, returned to the ship, and inquired of him which why he did not save his wife instead, he replied that he could get plenty more, but he could not get another mother.

Late advices from Oregon and Washington Territory state that the Indians are very hostile. There has been a party of gold diggers and a number of Indians. The latter attempting to take one of the white men's claims, a few provisions, were caught in the act, and hence the fight. Five white men—Messrs. Bowman, Hamilton, Hutchinson, Lewis, wounded, and scalped alive. He presented a horrid appearance, and will probably die.

The Wisconsin State Board of Education recently received a letter from a gentleman in Germany, in which he stated, "I constructed a building large enough to contain the whole of the Wisconsin State Library, but the first thing the inmates of the building did was to eat up the books, and I became a primary school long enough to learn the rudiments of education with common accuracy."

There is an old gentleman living in the town of Morton, Ohio, who has been married to his wife, who was a candidate for the Presidency, and for every President since—having married her when she was quite young. A special ticket at every presidential election since the formation of the Union, and never missed it.

It has been ascertained that a whale can travel over eight miles an hour. Some years ago a whale came to the Pacific having been drawn thirty-two miles hauls of an hour. It is supposed that the whale was not in the impossible to say, but the whalers thought he went at the light of the lamp.

Newspaper correspondents writing from Paris, say that it is generally believed that the Emperor's wedding war against England, and has sent Marshal Pelissier to Algiers to command the army of Africa, and expected to say "step on the land" preparatory to the invasion of England.

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A LULLABY.

BY ALICE CARY.

A brooding woman sat under a tree,
And the ballas winds blew wild;
A little baby was on her knee,
And in a lullaby tune sang she,
Sleep, and wake not, child,
Nay, but this lonesome child.

The air will freeze was cold and gray—
Aside the long fair head,
And all the prayer that she could say,
Was, Mother of God, look this way
To night, and watch me dead—
A mother, and alone!

Slow, with the years of cent overcast,
Came age and woman.
A motherly woman was found at last,
Two little hands all drawn fast
As mine, on her cheeks,
Sin, that is suffering wreaks.

And when the wind shall whistle her so,
The stars smile and shower,
A gilded night was there, for lo!
Two little eyes looked out of the snow
Fearless, and unaware
The light and lady known.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND DISTINCTION.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE HYPOCRITE.

Before leaving the ball-room at the government house, Colonel Tyrrell had accepted an invitation to breakfast with his friend Wharton.

The young man naturally referred to the ball in their conversation. The correct way far too generous and manly to repeat the words Dawkins had used in speaking of our hero—words which he sufficiently resented, but confined his resentment to the ladies.

"She is indeed most lovely," he said, speaking of Lillian, "and I have no doubt, as fascinating as lovely; for never did I see candor and purity more eloquently inscribed upon the features of any human being, save one, perhaps."

"Some fair maid in England, doubtless?" said Fred.

"No—the lady I allude to is in Calcutta."

"Indeed?"

"You saw her last night at the ball?"

"I do not recollect."

"Ingrate!" exclaimed Wharton; "I allude to Mrs. Clinton. You must have been deaf not to have heard the buzz of admiration which greeted her appearance in the room; blind, not to have seen the glances of admiration that followed her."

Poor Ned Indeed forgotten her; Lillian had absorbed all his admiration, and he blushed at what he considered his ingratitude.

"True," he said; "but Mrs. Clinton is married."

"To an old man."

His hearer looked painfully surprised at the tone in which the words were uttered, and looked at his face inquiringly.

"There, do not regard me so seriously," exclaimed the young officer; "I have been joking you. Mary last night remarked upon the absence of her husband, who is known to be excessively jealous, and made observations which I will not repeat."

"Respecting Mrs. Clinton?"

His host nodded his head affirmatively.

"And me?"

"And you."

"Would I had heard them," said our hero, after a pause. "You cannot conceive how this information has surprised me. I could not say the good-natured remarks were totally unobserved, for a more insensible being does not exist than the woman, or rather girl—for she is not yet eighteen—they would exhumable. Oh, world, world," he added, "what must I not expect to find in society, when such realities be very threshold?"

"Perhaps it is because it is its threshold," observed Fred Wharton. "Sounded is like its dog which guards its entrance—once passed and you are safe."

His visitor shook his head doubtfully.

"I wish you would answer me one question," he said.

"Any," replied his host, "but the name of a single person who made the observations you complain of. To ask it were to doubt my friendship, to suspect me of moral cowardice in not resenting anything which you could possibly have been called upon to notice."

"I fear I must be silent, then."

The young man, not being old Indians, did not indulge very long over his breakfast; for he had not proceeded together to pay a morning visit to Lady Bell, who received them with her usual unaffected cheerfulness. Lillian, who was present, blushed slightly as her partner in the last night's dance inquired after her health.

It is astonishing how quickly time runs when passed in the society of those who interest us. Nearly an hour had elapsed before either of the visitors thought of departing, nor would they have done so then but for the arrival of Sir Charles, Major Finchmore, and a party of officers.

Dawkins was one of the number.

Now that we have arrived to entertain my guests, I shall leave you," observed the mistress of the mansion; "Neither Lillian nor myself have recovered from our fatigue."

"Do not let our presence drive you away," observed the major, bowing with all the stately gallantry of the old school.

"Your gentlemanly nephew," exclaimed her ladyship, laughingly, and at the same time extending her hand to him. "How can you be so unjust to yourself as to suspect such a feeling."

With a bow her husband, and a slight inclination to Dawkins, she quitted the room. The latter seemed gentleman bit his lip. He perfectly understood whose was the pressure that drove her away; and his feelings was still further increased by the cordial manner in which her ladyship took leave of the corneal and his companion.

Sir Charles proposed billiards to his guests, but as neither Wharton nor our hero understood the game, a game could not be made up. Chess and a cigar were next suggested—fortunately for the friends, not for anxious to learn, the major hated chess.

"I always stop after it," he exclaimed.

One of the officers suggested a ride.

"Too hot," was the general reply.

"Well, gentlemen?" exclaimed their host, good humoredly, "I have done my best; for on something remember. My imagination is worn out."

Richard pleaded as an excuse for leaving them, that he had an appointment with Sandford to inspect a house he had taken; and Fred Wharton offered to accompany him.

"Away with you," said Sir Charles. "I plainly perceive that we shall see here any assistance from you, but may pass our morning as an accident and as the couple of those gentlemen may direct;—every one for himself in the order of opinions. What say you, Finchmore, to a game of chess?" he added.

The challenge was accepted, for the major being exceedingly stout, seldom felt disposed either to ride or walk unless upon service—that he never shirked. The two friends withdrawn, and the rest of the party scattered themselves over the house, some to the billiard-room, others to the garden or library, as books and their counter attractions, cigars or the delicious cangil prevailed.

The day being intensely warm, Richard and his companion, instead of mounting their horses, proceeded to view the new abode, Sandford had prepared for the former, in a palanquin. The message by clerk had arrived before him.

"Allow me," said he, "to welcome you to your own residence, where I trust you will pass many pleasant hours, and have sufficient friendship for me to allow me to share some of them with you."

Our hero smiled at the compliment—a smile pledged him in nothing.

"What think you of the arrangements?" added the host of the evening.

"I should be difficult to please, indeed," answered the young man, looking round him, "if I did not pronounce them perfect. What think you, Warton?"

"Happy to change quarters with you," said the corpus laughingly, "as soon as you are tired of your bungalow, I think they call it."

Mr. Sandford informed him that the word bungalow applied rather to a country residence, a building of low solid construction.

The young officer thanked him.

"But why is your bungalow?" he added, turning to his friend.

"At Meerut, the native bearer, I believe."

Fred shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you know him?"

RICHARD INTRODUCED TO HIS NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

"By sight only," answered his friend; "but I have heard no good of the fellow; he bears a bad name in Calcutta."

"Pardon me," observed the managing clerk, "but you must have been misinformed. There is not a more honorable man in the city. His signature is good on 'Change at any time for a lac of rupees."

"I did not speak of his commercial reputation, but his moral character. His cruelty, if the story related is true, to a poor Scotch girl, whom he deluded from one of the temples—"

"We never speak of moral character in India," interrupted Sandford, who evidently did not wish the talk to be resumed.

The young man regarded him with surprise, not unmixed with a feeling of contempt. There was something so revolting in his cynicism.

"That is," he added, perceiving the error into which he had fallen, "when concerning of the natives. They must not be judged by our standard, nor we my Sahib."

"I should trust not?" emphatically exclaimed both the friends.

A tall man, about forty years of age, dressed in the costume of the East, approached the party, and salamed profoundly to the speaker.

"Who is this gentleman?" demanded the latter. "He is your countryman, by my race's gentleman who pays him twenty-five rupees a month—in other words, it is your humble servant."

On hearing his office named, the man bowed yet more reverently than before.

"Hamph! rather a remarkable looking person," said our hero, regarding him attentively. "Mercish me his name?"

"Hamnee."

Richard repeated it.

"Hamnee," said Mr. Sandford, speaking in Hindostani and in an undertone, "where he's pigeon for you to pluck—your new master."

"Ah, sah!"

"Um hin gruffy?"

"As gruffy as if his feathers were those of a bird of Paradise."

Richard Purcell broke into a loud laugh; the clerk and the Hindoo looked surprised, especially the latter, which being considered as exceedingly undignified in the East.

"Excuse me, Sandford," said he, speaking in Hindostani and in an undertone, "where he's pigeon for you to pluck—your new master."

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Richard Purcell broke into a loud laugh; the clerk and the Hindoo looked surprised, especially the latter, which being considered as exceedingly undignified in the East.

"Excuse me, Sandford," said he, again,

minutes; he generally consoled us an hour or so before the dinner bells in to give us our morning lesson in Hindostanee."

The cold sentence and crumbling with of Mark Rayner gathered up the old frock and clothes which the orphan had previously worn, and withdrew.

It was in vain that her protectress, as soon as they were alone, questioned the latter respecting her name and birth. All she knew was that her name was Lillian; that her father wore a red coat and was gold unsettling in his dwelling, but she had forgotten the name of them.

"An officer," thought Lady Bell. Then she recollected that in the anarchy the brass wings worn by the private might easily be mistaken for gold epaulettes by a child with the speaker's tender years. The child next informed her that she had lost her mamma, and traveled a long way over water, but could not recollect either the name of the country she left, or that of the ship she sailed in.

Lady Bell felt more and more puzzled, and knew not what to think. The excellent old character she had received with Rose, and her own good instinct since she had been in her service, precluded all idea of her having been concerned in any crime. But she did not feel quite so assured of her husband. Her own woman's instinct, compared to the conclusion that if anything wrong had been perpetrated, Mark was the only real offender, however the fidelity of his wife might in those her to remain a silent, and, as she believed, an unwilling witness.

Of the truth of Lillian's having been sold to mountebanks and exposed in the street there could be no the slightest doubt; for, so sooner did her ladyship allude to the circumstance, than the features of the child turned deadly pale, and she shuddered at the recollection of the horrors she had gone through. Bat and the wahp, Fiddler Dick and his peculiar music, were things to be distinguished by the child.

"And were you very unhappy?" demanded her ladyship.

The orphan shuddered, and directed how she had been beaten.

"And who sold you to them?"

Lillian did not know how to answer, "But Jack used to call him 'uncle Mike.'"

"Not Rayner's brother, Jack?"

"Oh, no! he brought me from the other people to take care of me."

How far further the fair querist might have pushed her inquiries, poor Lillian would have been the ultimate result, it is impossible to say. Their further conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Sir Charles, who, after saluting his wife, observed that she had found a companion.

"And is she not a lovely one?" replied Lady Bell.

He did neither, who was naturally fond of children, held out his hand to her. Lillian, who had never taken her eyes from his face since he entered the state room, ran to him, laid her little hand upon his shoulder, and smiled blithely.

He was not exactly sure that he understood and wife were exceedingly surprised. But the cause of her grief was easily explained. For the future she was to conform, and her pupil, her own page, used to wear jacket a coat and cap.

"Is she an orphan?" inquired the baronet, after looking over one of Lillian's scrap-books.

"Yes."

"Going out to relations in India?"

She is under the charge of a person who is going out," replied her lady, evasively, for she wished to interest her husband in favor of the child, wishing her history to him, added to which, she was in possession of the secret of Dr. Burk, the surgeon of the regiment, who, having been in India many years, could have given the whole information in Hindostan.

The baronet gentleman speedily made his appearance. Lillian was directed to assume herself by looking over one of Lady Bell's scrap-books, and the lesson commenced.

First, the instructor read a page from Kelliet's work, and requested his pupils to pronounce the words after him. On hearing the sounds of the language she recollected that the child in which she had lisped her little words and been, and which her more familiar to her than that which she had entered into the eyes of Lillian, and the sea gracing on the cooler with the Indian hilarests, but without interposing him.

After the reading, next came the lesson from the vocabulary. Sir Charles repeated it almost without an effort, unless that of pronunciation; and so Lady Bell, her mind and time had been much occupied—she scarcely remembered a word.

The day is a most happy one, and the doctor, in English.

Her ladyship replied in Hindostanee.

"Very well, indeed," exclaimed her tutor.

"I am delighted to see you well," he added.

"Dear me, what is the proof?" exclaimed Lady Bell.

Lillian, who had crept near to her, whispered in her benefactress repeated it mechanically.

Sir Charles and Charles both questioned her. The former, after regarding her for some time with great earnestness, observed, that he felt convinced of having seen her before, every feature of her face appeared so familiar to him.

"In England?" said her wife.

"No; it must have been in India," replied the gentleman; "and if I am not much out in my reckoning, I was the first who received her into this mercantile transaction world. What is her name?"

"Lillian."

"Lillian what?"

"Gee."

"I certainly never admitted a lady of that name," remarked the doctor. "Umph! how very extraordinary that I should not recollect the name of her parents; but something will doubtless occur to bring it to my memory."

When the speaker had taken his leave, Lady Bell related to her husband the story of Rose, concealing from him only that part of it which related to the poisoning of Mark Rayner, and the death of the supposed father. With all his many good qualities, she knew that he was not fond of Stephenson's aristocratic prejudice against all unlicensed apothecaries, and to which, at that time, it had been revealed to her in confidence, and she was far too honorable to betray it.

"You are not angry with me?" she asked, when she had concluded her singular and somewhat romantic narration.

"Angry with you?" repeated the gentleman; "why should I feel angry? You have done but the natural impulse of your benevolent heart. In fact, to the situation in which you were placed, I do not see how either you or Rose could have acted otherwise—the child could not be sent back again."

"And you will allow her to remain with me?"

"If it will afford you pleasure, certainly."

"Oh, thank you, Charley!" exclaimed his wife, in a tone of delight; "you cannot think how exceedingly happy you have made me!"

Here the speaker folded Lillian in her arms; then beds her go and thank Sir Charles for his goodness.

"Bell," said her husband, "I have but one observation to make—don't look so serious, it is not a very long one. In undertaking the charge of this child it is necessary that you decide at once between her and the position she is to hold in the eyes of the world. It must be either that of a dependent or a ward."

"Of a ward, to be sure."

"In that case," observed the baronet, "you will do well to attend to her education as soon as a vessel arrives in California. She is gifted with the precocity of a beauty which may prove fatal to her happiness, or secure it, according as she is trained."

"Yes," replied the lady; "I will set kindly."

"Then I can sure you will; but you must do something more—act wisely. In the first place, the person who brought her on board, and who declares her to be of blood—mere it otherwise, I would be the last to exact such a sacrifice—must forego all claim to or authority over her."

"They will be but too happy, I feel assured, to do so."

"In the next, her story must remain a secret between yourself and Dr. Burk."

"You answer for that," replied her lady.

"And I will undertake for Rose, her husband, and myself."

"Upon these conditions, then," said Sir Charles, Lillian is yours."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

LETTERS OF THE DEAD.

A STRANGE STORY.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

There are few who have reached the age of twenty-five that have not stores of sad treasure. And we all know how dearly locking over these subjects, and how such years shines the dear departed memories of our beloved dead. How mournful they seem, what a touching, though voiceless cry, do they move us with! Who is there who never knew that the life of the dear writer was gladness, and that the hand that penned it was stayed by the hand that never more will clasp ours, call us many years and sight of sorrow.

We read the cheerful and hopeful sentences, and we do think that the writer of such letters had such companionship is gone from us to return no more. We read the affectionate words of love and solicitation for ourselves, and our souls yearn almost in proud endurance for a renewal of that old-time intercourse. It matters not how long the separation may have been for gratitude in the life and death of our vanished ones, we long, die, and pray to be with them once more; and we weep and groan because we know that it is not to be.

If the letters we hold in our hand be those of a fond mother how they exhaust the very fountain of our tears. We feel so miserable, so forsaken, so alone, so unloved and forsaken, that we wish that we, too, were dying, that we could go to the dear land, to our dear mother's grave. We recall what life seemed to us with her beside us—how sunny it was; we remember how happy was the morning that woke us but to behold her face, to hear her mother's face; how happy was the noon that sent us to the home where our heart was—our beloved mother's how happy the evening was, when through the shades we saw our mother sitting, and heard our mother's song. All her unutterable tenderness to us—her watchfulness, her care—her silent sacrifices to meet her love, are remembered; the chances we recall what we have been since she left us; what now it, and what it is to be motherless—to look for no—our heart dies within us; and our head becomes as one vast mass of pain, a fountain of tears. We wonder then, and it is but natural, whether no whisper of the descendants which her death caused in our life has ever reached her in her home beyond the stars. If we could but know that she still regarded us, or that some word, of pity or love could be sent to us from the long years ago. Our mother's spirit! could it live and watch unknown by the we and agony which, in those nights which we have passed alone, have been wrung from our soul? the years cannot wear away? And if she knew of those hours of helpless and most agonizing sorrow did she not come and comfort us? Ah! we know that she could and would do so, would bend over us and breathe her child in such wretchedness—if not as other time. Such a gentle, loving, and quivering breath, we felt her letters back into our memory and open another package. Ah! the seal of death is on those also. Another mother, another dear, happy friend cut down like grass and laid to his last slumber with the freshness of early dew upon him! Are they from the venerated saint of many years whose hand has been laid upon our head in blessing, whose tears have baptized us as we told him that the world was cold, and that we were all alone?

All these have their peculiar sourrowfulness; but when we open some little discolored file, and read the cold, the ardent words of a little, affectionate child that our heart cries out more loudly for relief from the roughness of life; next, the words of sorrow and consolation are all forgotten, and we feel; his expressions of love to us as his only sympathizing friend; his prayer for the protection of God to come down on the "best and only friend" he had—meaning us. Ah! we feel then the desolation and trouble in which he was; but his hopeful exhortations to us not to be discouraged or grieved for him, for that all things were for the best; and "boys" could "always get along some how or somehow," up and stirred our spirits more than we have yet been.

We pass on from letter to letter of this package —Revelations the history of a life—a gloomy, tragic history, swelled and crowded with incidents of disappointment, disaster, and death. We know the writer when he was a little child; we know him when he was a babe in his mother's arms; we know that mother died she committed her boy into our hands—and faithfully did we keep her trust, and our soul—but what did that love avail—it might have been a consolation to her before years had passed, but was; but it never saved his devoted head from a life of fear and woe—the hand of fate. Three letters full of all his weary wanderings by sea and land, and the alone—the hunger, the cold, the wretchedness, the dreary days. Through all he was "well and hopeful—he was always hoping for some good thing yet before him. His young heart was brave, and his young hand was strong, and he thought that he could conquer life. All longed once a fault of pleasure. It followed a painful and most bitter parting scene; for the boy went forth to the land of many promises—California, to seek his fortune there. For a time the letters are full of his hurried excitement in his new life; he and the fiery of gold, and food, and cattle, and health; then comes one with news of having found a friend, and of having gained land which was to become very valuable; of a mollisied immediate return to the mines to secure a little more gold; and of a home-ward journey in the coming autumn. This letter, so full of the cheerful, loving, gracious spirit of the boy that loved a better than he did any thing in the wide world, for whose welfare and well-being he would have freely laid down any life, was the last that ever came from him. It was a letter that he started in a two-mill boat from San Jose, to go to San Francisco, on the evening before the steamer was to leave. His load, laden with grain and gold, and carrying two passengers, was to start at sunrise, for during the time she was due there; and those who were left behind in the morning were left out to look for her. Now begins that part of this history which is most touching because so full with a set of supernatural horror at the very touch of certain pages which are dyed with the sacred blood—with the simple-hearted expressions of feeling of him who is—we know not where.

To say who may suppose that they can become accustomed to anything in what is to follow we have only to remark that it is absolutely and entirely false. An explanation of it we do not attempt to give; let it be left to the deep and awful many feeble ourselves can bear without.

On the night of the middle of November, 1850, the sister of my wandering boy dreamed that she saw him approach a door of midnight blackness, upon the shore of a stormy sea. The heavy rolling of the waves was nearly visible as they came towards the beach, but the sound from on them seemed as if they were there. Suddenly, stretched on the top of a great wave, she saw the form of her brother, his face, white as death, made clearly visible by the moonlight which, at intervals, broke through the his arms were extended for aid. His brown eyes were full of the agony of the sea, as he cried out, calling his sister's name.

With a piercing cry, and feeling within her the strength of despair, she rushed to seize her brother by the hands; but the wave made haste to sweep him from her reach; and she, shrieking in anguish, fell to the earth from her dream.

Long after she had risen she had been only dreaming. After thanking God that she was awake, and that it was but a dream, she lay down to rest again sank into slumber. But a second time the same wave, the laughing sea, the beautiful face, awake her; and in the cold damp of the horror she was experiencing a long while before she dared to sleep a third time.

But she slept once more, and a third time was she awakened by that bitter cry.

Greatly terrified and distressed the sister rose now and no think that the cry of such sudden and inexplicable companionship is gone from us to return no more. But we all know how startling over these subjects, for ourselves, and our souls yearn almost in proud endurance for a renewal of that old-time intercourse. It matters not how long the separation may have been for gratitude in the life and death of our vanished ones, we long, die, and pray to be with them once more; and we weep and groan because we know that it is not to be.

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A LEGEND OF THE DESERT.

BY SADIE M. BRAY.

The mournful moon, thro' misty veil,
Our Wide Sahara's wade bound down
On one young cheeper, worn and pale,
With anxious curls of golden brown.

Alone—lost from his wandering band,
He lay in sweet and sinking rest;
The fairy visions of his slumber
Entranced all he wished and loved.

But in his curly cousin's tangles bower,
He for twin sister drooped and died;
And even they pushed away the flowers,
And laid his mother by her side.

And she, the beautiful and true,
Whose young love echoed back his own—
Her long the grave had claimed her too—
And knew was left on earth alone.

In entire nature, rays in drought,
He heaved with legends from the wind,
And lingered there until he sought
A ruined remnant in his mind.

There rested and questions his bosom's fire,
His lip nor smiled nor sighed nor cried;
And even his eyes did not desire
He grew a wanderer of the world.

* * * * *

None on the desert must be drowned
His home came and he slept alone,
How still their spirits kissed around
The low closed lids of his blue eyes.

At last they' midnight's boundless blue,
Each starry shine is dimmed and dim,
The mother and sweet sister flew—
But his young love remained with him.

At morn, my fainting, blest," she said,
"I feel amid, will reach the land of shame—
My darling last! how thy bright head
And shadow—there's water with it, Harem!"

From his cream by the sun's first ray
Awoke; raised upon the sky all
That they were went in clasp they
From Heaven's rainbow lay on all.

And when he saw the fatal wrath—
That rested his burning souls more near,
Love in their rose-waning path,
He bowed and—fled without a fear.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

6. GAME AT FORTUNE-HUNTING.

BY ELYNANCE COMP, JR.

"I declare," said Lydia Collins, who had taken up the morning paper, "Sidney West has come home." She seemed to be deeply moved, and vexation were the smiles that flashed from under her fair face.

"And has Frank come with him?" asked Nellie, with an eager look and tone.

"I don't know anything about Frank," returned Lydia, with a scan of the head that had some contempt in it. "Only the names of those who have brought home money with them are printed. You can look for yourself."

Nellie took the paper, and saw that Sidney T. West had brought home eighty thousand dollars. Below this was a list of passengers, and in it she found the name of FRANK WEST; but there was no mention made of his having brought home any money.

"Frank has come," she cried, in glad tones.

"Well, suppose he has! Of course you do not mean to renew an old intimacy?"

"I should like to see him, at all events," replied Nellie, and then she went on reading the paper.

Lydia and Nellie Collins were sisters; the former being twenty-eight years of age, and the latter six years younger. Their father, who had been at one time quite a flourishing merchant, had been dead a number of years, and his sisters lived with their mother, in a fine house, and in a fashionable part of the city. Mrs. Collins was naturally a good woman; but Fashion had turned her head somewhat, and she thought more of having her daughters move in select circles than of what all surrounding them with healthful influences. But there was a vast difference between the two disposition of these two daughters. Nellie had been her father's pet, and had drawn from him a fund of sound sense and reason which her sister had failed to obtain, and which did not have any place in her father was taken away. There was a deep current of humanity—of practical power—underlying her whole nature, and even her scheming, fashionable sister respected her for it, though she probably had no real conception of what the respect was called forth.

It was generally supposed that Mrs. Collins was wealthy. She owned the house in which she lived, and it was known that her husband had left her considerable money.

Sidney and Frank West were cousins, and had once been clerks in the employ of Mr. Collins. Three years previous to the opening of our story, they went to China to "seek their fortunes," and had now returned, as we have seen.

One evening Mrs. Collins and her two daughters were alone, Sidney and Frank were unexpected. They were cheerfully anticipated, and warmly welcomed. Sidney was a tall, dashing-looking fellow, fascinating every sort of age, dressed in the blight of fashion, and flushing with costly jewelry. His cousin was some years younger, and dressed very plainly. Frank was the more intellectual and handsome, though he lacked "style." In fact, he was rather commonplace in his manners and conversation, depending more upon the substance of what he did and said than upon the show he could make. But Sidney blazed and flashed away like a pyrotechnic battery, and he was not long in enamouring Lydia and her mother. Frank and Nellie finally drew together upon one of the sofas, and there they were quite content with by themselves.

"I suppose that man is?" said Lydia, after the visitors had gone.

"What?" returned her sister, with some surprise, "do you mean Sidney West?"

"Indeed I do."

"You cannot do such a thing, Lydia. Are you not engaged to Charles Adams?"

"No—that is, I am not."

"But you have given him every encouragement."

"I may have done so while he was the best match that offered," returned Lydia, with a toss of the head. "But I have been very much pained by a conversation with him. I have made him no promises."

"But," pursued Nellie, with a troubled look, "you have given him every encouragement, and I know that he loves you, and thinks you mean to be his wife."

"And do you think I would give my hand to a poor clerk, when such a prize as this is within my grasp?" said Lydia, with much warmth.

"You should not call Charles Adams a poor clerk," said Nellie, reprovingly. "He has a salary of two thousand dollars a year, and will soon go into business on his own account. You know he has confided to you a statement of all his pecuniary plans and prospects."

"You—so he has," retorted the elder sister. "And if he ever succeeds in business it must be some years first, during which time his wife must be helping him save. No, no—none of that for me, while a husband is within my grasp who is already independently rich."

"I think," spoke Mrs. Collins, at this point, "that Sidney West offers a very desirable match. I think he loves Lydia very much, and he is very good husband."

"I know he used to love me," said Lydia.

"But you returned his love by treating him very coldly," suggested Nellie.

"That was when he was only a poor clerk," returned the proud beauty; "but now that he has returned with the golden fleece of Paryzan, he is quite a different person."

"He will make a very eligible match," pronounced the mother, with much decision. She spoke as though she had made up her mind, and wished to hear no more argument upon the point.

"And now let us speak of something else," Lydia, turning to her sister. "You probably remember that Mr. Frank used to have a great liking for me, and I should judge, from the cluster manner in which he greeted you, that the same thing, that he not only had the same regard now, but that he had some hope of succeeding in his suit."

"Well," returned Nellie, very quietly.

"Would you give him your hand?"

"Perhaps so—if he should ask me for it."

"You would, my child!" exclaimed Mrs. Collins.

"I should," was Nellie's answer. "That is," she added, "if I found him to be what I think he is."

"But, my daughter," resumed the mother, with some show of anxiety, "you need to look upon this. I had hoped that you would give your hand to Edwin Lefton. You know he is wealthy, and is very anxious to gain you for a wife, while this Frank West is poor, and seems not to be ambitious to rise in the world."

"How do you know he is poor, mother?"

"I learned to-day that only one of the cousins brought home money. Sydney has been cleverly speculating, and coining gold, while the other has been drudging, as he will probably continue to do."

"Well, mother," returned Nellie, after thinking a moment, "I shall be governed in this by my own sense of what is right and proper. I know that my father always loved Frank, and has manifested confidence in him, and I will not deny one I believe him, even now. With regard to Mr. Lefton, I should never have a husband I had no love for as choice. He may be wealthy, but his character is not good. If Frank is poor, he is also said to be ambitious and persevering, and the few thousand dollars which my father left for me will enable him to start well in some moderate business."

Mrs. Collins sighed slightly, and seemed to be startled by what her daughter had said; but she soon managed to compose herself, though she did not resume the conversation.

"Read, Frank, I come on gloriously with my clearance!" cried Sidney West, as the two sat in their room at the hotel. She has been very much struck. Only think—she wouldn't even look at me when I was a poor!"

"What can have produced the change, think you?" asked Frank.

"My manners, sir," retorted Sydney, spreading himself with a mock show. "I have captivated her. She is willing to honour me with her hand."

"Ah—do very thing I have long been anxious to speak about, my angel. I think I ought to go into business soon. I have an excellent opportunity to enter a store as partner. For twelve thousand dollars I can buy out one quarter of a business concern, and for four-and-twenty thousand I can have half of it. For a splendid offer, I assure you. Do you mean to buy it?" asked Mrs. Collins.

"I wish to do so."

"Then of course you will," suggested Lydia. "I have not the least objection," complacently replied Sidney. "I am willing to put all my money and business interests against yours, and I do not understand, you know."

"Of course you would gladly," resumed Sidney. "If you will furnish the money, I will do the rest for you."

"He furnish the money?" uttered Lydia.

"Yes, angel."

"You—have—money?"

"Not enough to pay a month's board, sweet creature. What do you mean? You surely don't mean that you have given us an——"

"Stop, Frank," interrupted the maiden, with a sudden start, "you misunderstand me. I must tell you that I have changed my mind that you had money, and you know that I was aware of the fact that Mr. Collins left over ten thousand dollars to each of his children. Why didn't you tell me of this before?"

"Why didn't you tell us that you had no money?" returned Mrs. Collins.

"I thought you knew it, your professed to have any."

"Then what was meant by that account in the paper?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the husband. "You got hold of that, did you? Ah—I had that account for the peculiar warmth of my progress! That, it seems, was the change that came on the love I sought. I understand it now. But, upon my word, there was no deception on my part. I left it to you, and I ready to start for home, my cousin received a summons to attend to some business which he feared would detain him for a long time. I left him behind me, and as his gold was already on board, and he was to follow me in a few days, I made out a certificate of income enough to support me comfortably. Now will you be my wife?"

When Frank West went away that night he was no longer so mortal one he. His plans for his were all laid, and he had placed all the scenes of his future in a warm sunlight.

"Then you have really consented to become his wife?" said Lydia, after Nellie had told her the result of the insertion of the preceding evening.

"Yes, sister—I have."

"And I think you have done a very foolish thing, Nellie. Since you have discovered that your money was all lost we had hoped you would look out for a more becoming match."

"Since I have discovered it," returned Nellie, with marked indignation, "I do you mean? Did you know it before?"

"Yes—I have for two years ago."

"And never told me?"

"Of course not."

"But, Lydia—why should you have kept such an important matter from me?"

"Because," answered the elder sister, "we feared you would be too honest to keep it to yourself. You would have made a sad business in your speech, whether we had ten thousand dollars each, or had nothing. It helped me to pass among rich as a wealthy husband, and then you wouldn't have invested your money you had not."

"And do you think this was right?" asked Nellie, with a look of concern. "It is deception, and I fear it will end in evil."

"There you go?" exclaimed Lydia. "Just as I supposed. You will never succeed in playing the game of life. You will show your hand at every move."

"I have no wish to make a game of my life," returned Nellie, with some spirit; "and those who do so are full as apt to lose as they are to win. I have no wish to undertake take, with all its duties and responsibilities, as a mere fun, and try to lose it jestly and honorably."

"That's puritanical. I must confess—though rather of the pain-bane order," replied Lydia. "But one thing is certain—you will never find the chance in my own hand. I have played, and won."

"But you told Sidney that you had no money?"

"Indeed I didn't do any such thing. He has drawn that conclusion from my having no jewelry."

"Of course I did."

"Then you knew what a paragon you have become."

Nellie turned away, and sat sorrowful, for she feared that evil would come of all this.

Sidney West and Lydia Collins were married, and for a while the husband resided at the house of his mother-in-law. One afternoon, about a month after the first marriage, Nellie gave her self to Frank. The latter was overjoyed at the news, and the guests had departed, when the happy bridegroom asked his bride to accompany him to his home.

"And said Nellie, in surprise, "I did not know that you had taken a house."

"Certainly I have, my sweet wife. I would not have had you live without a good deal of comfort in it. You—come and see it."

The newly-married pair had gone, Mrs. Collins drew Lydia aside, and whispered to her—

"Do you think that Sidney has been playing false with you?"

"Not that I am aware of," was the reply; "but my about his business; and also hint to him that he has not been out for a home, or else have the mortgage paid off on this house. You can do it now, as well as at any time."

"Well, you will," returned Nellie, after thinking a moment, "I shall be governed in this by my own sense of what is right and proper. I know that my father always loved Frank, and has manifested confidence in him, and I will not deny one I believe him, even now. With regard to Mr. Lefton, I should never have a husband I had no love for as choice. He may be wealthy, but his character is not good. If Frank is poor, he is also said to be ambitious and persevering, and the few thousand dollars which my father left for me will enable him to start well in some moderate business."

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INTO THE NIGHT.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR

Into the night the lady goes,
Into the night, the solemn night;
Her white veil on the night-wind flows,
Her face is mantled with affright,
And like a woman wild she goes
Into the night, into the night.

Her steps are down secluded ways
To yonder churchyard, and among
The tombs she wanders, and she prays
A prayer she says she learned when young
And now she walks about and says
That prayer the solemn mounds among.

O what is in the lady's life,
And what is in the lady's heart;
How many passions are at strife,
How many try to tear apart
The pages of that lady's life?
The record of that lady's heart?

If she should seal her eyes so brown,
If she should tie her lily hands,
She still would pass beyond the town
To where an humble tombstone stands
And lay her beating bosom down,
And kiss the dark and stained sands.

For in the years now dead and gone
She bade a lover true depart;
She with a look of bitter scorn
Pressed 'neath her feet a faithful heart,
And over that crushed heart was borne
At altar base to act her part.

Now through the night the lady speeds,
And those who listen hear her cry,
As at her lover's tomb she pleads
With his dead heart to let her die;
But her wild prayer he never heeds,
Nor to her pleading gives reply.

THE LION HUNT.

Before entering into a description of the mode of chase adopted with regard to this formidable animal, we may give the reader some insight into the make and character of the lion, and more particularly the lion of Africa.

The lion, which is usually considered the strongest of the cat kind, is generally distinguished by its uniform yellow color, the tuft at the end of the tail, and the mane covering the head and shoulders of the male. Cuvier says that it is the most courageous of the animals of prey; and he adds, that, spread, at one time, over all the parts of the ancient world, it would appear at the present day that it is nearly confined to Africa, and some neighboring parts of Asia.

The "King of the Forest," as applied to the lion, appears to be a misnomer: for it is an animal that is never met except on the plains, and generally in the deserts. The parts where it seeks shelter seem not in any case to be the forest, but the low cover that creeps along the sides of rivers, the patches that mark the springs or the rank grass of the valley.

Of the strength of the African lion many extraordinary stories are on record. It is a feat of no difficulty to this powerful brute to carry off a man; of this horrible fact, there are many dismal accounts. A lion of the Cape of Good Hope or of Senegal will seize a heifer in his mouth, and though the legs drag along the ground, carry her off with the same ease that a cat does a rat, leaping over a broad dyke with her without the least apparent effort. It will convey a horse a mile from the spot where he has killed it. On one occasion a lion that had carried off a two-year old heifer was followed on the track, or *spoor*, for five hours by horsemen, when it appeared that throughout the whole distance the carcass of the heifer was only once or twice discovered to have touched the ground. After such demonstrations of strength the asportations of man sink into insignificance; and there is an idea prevailing in Africa that the human race is the favorite prey of the lion.

Travelers, however, assert that the general prey of the African lion are the larger herbivorous quadrupeds, and that there are very few of them that it cannot master. It is, consequently, a severe scourge to the farmers, who are ever on the lookout for his approach in a search after their cows and horses, oxen and sheep. If they have the good fortune to see him coming, he will, in nine cases out of ten, slink back and walk off quietly; and if no cover is near and he is not pursued, he gradually mends his pace to a trot, till he has reached a good distance, and then he bounds away.

The demeanor of lions on such occasions is of a careless disposition, as if they did not want a fray, but if pressed, are ready to fight it out. If they are pursued closely, they turn and couch, generally with their faces to the adversary; then the nerves of the sportsman are tried. If he is collected and master of his craft, the well-directed rifle ends the scene at once; but if in the flutter of the moment, the vital parts are missed, or the ball passes by, leaving the lion unhurt, the infuriated beast frequently charges on his enemies, dealing destruction around him. This, however, is not always the case, and a steady unshrinking deportment has, in more instances than one, saved the life of the hunter.

Indeed a timely recovery of self-possession has saved a man when, seized with panic, he has fled and been pursued by a lion.

One day, a Dutchman, Jacob Kok of Zee-hoe-river, at the Cape of Good Hope, walking over his lands with a loaded gun, unexpectedly met a lion. Being an excellent shot, and a cool sportsman who seldom failed of using his rifle with effect, he thought himself pretty certain from the position in which he was, of killing it, and therefore fired his piece. Unfortunately he did not recollect that the charge had been in it for some time, and consequently was damp; so that his piece hung fire, and the ball falling short, entered the ground close to the lion. In consequence of this the worthy Dutchman was seized with a panic, and took directly to his heels; but being soon out of breath and closely pursued by the lion, Jacob Kok jumped upon a little heap of stones, and there made a stand, presenting the butt end of his gun to his adversary, fully resolved to defend his life as well as he could to the utmost. This deportment had such an effect on his pursuer, that the lion also made a stand, and lay down at the distance of a few paces from the heap of stones, seemingly quite unconcerned. Jacob, in the meantime, did not stir from the spot; besides, he had in his flight unfortunately dropped his powder-horn. At length, after waiting a good half hour the lion rose up, and at first went very slowly, and step by step only, as if he had a mind to steal off; but as soon as he got to a greater distance, to the great relief of Jacob Kok, he began to bound away at a great rate.

A traveler gives the following interesting account in his "Wanderings in Africa," of his confronting one of these animals:—

"The day was exceedingly pleasant, and there was not a cloud to be seen. For a mile or two we traveled along the banks of the river, which, in this part, abounded in tall mat-rushes. The dogs seemed much to enjoy prowling about, and examining every bushy place. At last they met with some object among the bushes which caused them to set up a most vehement and determined barking. We explored the spot with caution, as we suspected, from the peculiar tone of their bark, that it was what we found it out to be—lions.

"Having encouraged the dogs to drive them out,—a task which they performed with great unwillingness—we had a full view of an enormous black-tailed lion and lioness.

"The latter was seen only for a minute, as she made her escape up the river, under the concealment of the rushes: but the lion came steadily forward, and stood still to look at us.

"At this moment we felt our situation not free from danger, as the animal seemed preparing to spring upon us, and we were standing on the bank at the distance of only a few yards from him, most of us being on foot and unarmed, without any visible possibility of escaping. I had given up my horse to the hunters, and was on foot myself; but there was no time for fear, and it was useless to attempt avoiding him.

"I stood well upon my guard, holding my pistols in my hand, with my finger upon the trigger: and those who had muskets kept themselves prepared in the same manner.

"But at this instant the dogs boldly flew in between us and the lion, and surrounding him, kept him at bay by their violent and resolute barking. The courage of these faithful animals was most admirable: they advanced up to the side of the huge beast, and stood making the greatest clamor in his face without the least appearance of fear. The lion, conscious of his strength, remained unmoved at their noisy attempts, and kept his head turned towards us. At one moment, the dogs, perceiving his eye thus engaged, had advanced close to his feet, and seemed as if they would actually seize hold of him; but they paid dearly for their imprudence, for, without discomposing the majestic and lofty attitude in which he stood fixed, he merely moved his paw, and at the next instant I beheld two lying dead.

"In doing this, he made so little exertion, that it was scarcely perceptible by what means they had been killed.

"Of the time which we gained by the interference of the dogs, not a moment was lost. We fired upon him: one of the balls went through his side, just between the short ribs, and the blood began to flow; but the animal still remained standing in the same position. We had now no doubt that he would spring upon us—every gun was instantly reloaded: but happily we were mistaken, and were not sorry to see him move quietly away, though I had hoped in a few minutes to have been enabled to take hold of his paw without danger."

There is hardly a book of African travels which does not teem with the dangers and hair-breadth escapes of the lion hunters; and hardly one that does not include a fatal issue to some engaged in this hazardous sport. We give the following details of a lion hunt from the note-book of a traveler:

"We at length arrived on the confines of an immeasurable desert—an immense plain, extending like an ocean. Not a tree—nor a shrub—nor a blade of grass, was to be seen; but all appeared like an extreme fine sand, mixed with gold dust and little sparkling pearls.

"As we proceeded on our way over this inhospitable plain, exposed to the perpendicular rays of a burning sun, we came to an oasis of groves and woods, and through the carpet of verdure rolled a rivulet. Here a lion, which had been crouching among the reeds which bordered this stream, sprang upon one of our company. Luckily for the man he missed him; for if he had succeeded in flying upon him he would have torn him to pieces; but knowing that he had no hope of safety but by flight, fled accordingly. But being very unlike the tiger, he went off slowly, and in a very sullen manner, giving us time to mount our horses; and one of the party firing at him, struck him with a ball. He, thereupon, began exhibiting great boldness, standing as if preparing to resist us.

"A Frenchman, infinitely more courageous than he was strong, or expert in the chase, made an attack upon him with a lance, which he broke, and would infallibly have been torn and killed, had it not been for a slave, who, seeing his danger, came promptly to his succour, and pierced, with a blow of his dagger, the lion already wounded by his master."

Of all the games in Africa and the East, the hunting of the lion is infinitely the most dangerous kind of sporting. About a hundred years ago it was the most royal, because there was then none but the king and princes that could exercise it, except by a very particular leave.

When the king was in the field, and the hunting guards had discovered the place of the lion's retirement, they tied fast an ass in the neighborhood, which the lion soon came to devour; and after having partaken largely of the animal, returned to his ordinary lodging place, where he lay down and slept until next morning, when he found another ass in the same place. When the king's hunting guards had thus baited and amused him for several days, they tied fast another ass, which they had made swallow a quantity of opium, in order that his flesh might lull the lion asleep, and then all the people in the villages round about spread large and strong nets. All things being thus prepared, the king mounted on an elephant trapped in iron, attended by his great hunting master—abundance of men on horseback—and a numerous hunting guard on foot, approached the nets, and shot at the lion with a great musket. Finding himself wounded, the lion rushed, of course, towards the elephant, but met with the big nets which stopped him. The king then shot at him till he killed him.

Such was the mode of hunting the lion in India a hundred years ago; but now there is no particular privilege attached to the shooting of it, and the English residents are its commonest assailants.

As an instance of this, we give the following interesting description of a lion hunt near Kaira in Bombay.

Some sporting gentlemen of that place being informed that three lions had been discovered in a small jungle two miles from Beerelje, immediate preparations were made to assemble a large party, and to proceed to chase them from thence.

Intermediately, accounts were received that the size and ferocity of the animals had struck a panic into the adjacent villages, that six of the natives who had unwarily approached their haunts had been torn and mangled, and left to expire in the greatest agonies, and that it was no longer safe for the inhabitants to proceed to the ordinary occupations of husbandry, or to turn out their cattle to pasture, as several of them had been hunted down and killed.

These accounts only stimulated the British Nimrods; and a party of sixteen gentlemen having assembled, proceeded to the scene of action accompanied by a body of armed peons from the Adaulet and revenue departments. The guides took them to the precise spot where the three lions were reposing in state. The party advanced with due caution to within a few paces of the jungle without disturbing the residents. A momentary pause, big with expectation, succeeded.

At that instant, three dogs which had joined the hunt, unconscious of danger, approached the very threshold of the *presence*, and were received with such a sepulchral growl, as for the moment made "the bravest hold his breath." One of the dogs was killed, the other two fled and were seen no more.

Presently a lioness was indistinctly observed at the mouth of the den; a few arrows were discharged with a view to irritate her, and induce her to make an attack on her assailants; but this did not succeed, as she broke cover in an opposite direction, with two cubs about two-thirds grown. The party pursued the fugitives on foot as far as the nature of the ground, which was newly plowed, would admit; when suddenly one of the men who had been stationed in the trees called out to the gentlemen to be on their guard. This arrested their progress. They turned on one side to some hights, when they descried an enormous lion approaching them through an open field at an easy canter, and lashing his tail in a style of indescribable grandeur.

The foremost of the party presented their pieces and fired, just as the animal had cleared, at one bound, a chasm which was between them of twelve feet broad. He was apparently wounded on the shoulder, but sprang, nevertheless, on a gentleman whose arm he lacerated dreadfully; and feeling, at the same time, a peon's lance, he relinquished his first hold, seized the poor fellow by the throat, and strangled him before they dared fire, lest they should kill his victim.

He was now at bay, but sheltered in such a manner as rendered it difficult to bring him down, when suddenly the man on the look-out gave another shout of alarm, and almost immediately the party perceived a lioness which had broken cover, approaching their rear.

The same instant their ears were assailed by the shrieks and yells of men, women and children, occasioned by the animal crossing the road in the midst of the coolies that were carrying tiffin to the village. A woman and a child were almost instantly sacrificed to her fury. The woman was literally torn to pieces.

This proved not the last calamity of this memorable hunt.

The gentlemen, with the peons, left their former enemy to attack the lioness who threatened the village. The party, from the rapid manner in which the beast was followed, were not able to keep very compact; and most unfortunately, four of the collector's peons advanced upon the place where the lioness had lain down. She immediately sprang upon the nearest, and brought him to the ground, crushing his skull and tearing his face, so that no feature was discernable, and the skin literally hung in the wind. A companion who advanced to his assistance was seized by the thigh; in the agony of pain he caught the beast by the throat, when she quitted his thigh and fastened on his arm and breast.

At this moment the gentlemen advanced within fifteen paces, and as she was still standing over her unfortunate victim, lodged twenty balls in her body. She retreated to the hedge, where some more shots terminated her existence. She had abundance of milk, which, from the novelty, most of the party tasted.

Both of the peons died within a few hours

Moral Beauty.—What is the beauty of nature but a beauty clothed with moral associations? What is the highest beauty of literature, poetry, fiction and the fine arts, but a moral beauty genius has bodied forth for the admiration of the world? and what are those qualities of the human character which are treasured up in the memory and heart of nations—the objects of universal reverence and exaltation, the themes of celebration, of eloquence, and the festal of song, the enshrined idols of admiration and love? Are they not patriotism, heroism, philanthropy, disinterestedness, magnanimity, martyrdom?

Laughable.—A countryman having bought a sheep's head, had been to a friend for a direction to dress it. As he was returning, repeating the method, and holding his purchase under his arm, a dog snatched it, and ran away. "Now, my dear joy," said the countryman, "what a fool you make of yourself! What use will it be to you, as you don't know how it is to be dressed?"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. W.—A good hand-writing is of course a desirable thing for man or woman. But this accomplishment can not be acquired in "twelve easy lessons," nor in fifty lessons, nor in a hundred. It takes *years* of practice for any one to acquire an easy, legible, graceful, rapid, and stylish handwriting. The fact is, nothing that is useful can be acquired without time and labor; and all this "easy lesson" business is sheer nonsense. The *principles* of penmanship can of course be exhibited and explained in a few hours, but their practical application is a matter of much and wearisome labor.

Sophia.—Such a situation as you mention cannot be obtained, especially by a lady, except in rare instances. So far as we are concerned, we want no "assistant," nor do we "know of any such chair, in this or any other city, that is waiting for an occupant." On the contrary, for every such "chair" there are scores of persons in waiting.

Esse.—The only way you can find out whether or not your sweetheart "has good qualities of a lasting description," as you say, is to marry her. You will of course run some risk, but no more than she will run in marrying you.

Ellen.—You should state the case to your father, or brother, or some male friend, and let him take the impertinent intruder in hand. Such an ill-mannered person can only be influenced by fear.

Joseph.—The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next is good sense, the third, good humor, and the last, wit.

Gondam.—You are wide of the mark. The trial of Aaron Burr for treason took place at Richmond, in Virginia, instead of at Annapolis, in Maryland, and during Jefferson's *second* term of office as President, instead of his first. During Jefferson's first term, Burr was himself Vice-President. The world-famous duel with Hamilton was fought while Burr was Vice-President. His beautiful and celebrated daughter, Theodosia, the wife of Governor Alston, of South Carolina, instead of "dying with grief and shame at her father's disgrace, consequent upon his trial for treason," as you state, felt proud of her father's course, and stood by him throughout his trial, and ever after, and met an unknown fate as she was coming to New York to welcome him home from his long exile in Europe. She embarked on board a ship bound from Charleston to this port, and neither ship nor any human being on board of her was ever heard of more. *That* was the most terrible blow which that ambitious, iron-souled man ever received, and it inflicted a wound upon his adamantine heart which never ceased to bleed until he was laid beneath the sod.

J. W. S.—In private communications, or in signing receipts or legal documents, a married woman should sign her own name, and not use the Christian name of her husband. Suppose your own Christian name were Mary, and that you were the wife of Richard Roe, whose name so often figures in the courts. In the instances above-mentioned you should sign your name Mary Roe; or, if you were writing to a person unknown to you whom you wished to know that you were a married woman, you might write your signature Mrs. Mary Roe. But if your name were to be published in the newspapers as attached to a card or announcement for furthering some benevolent object, or other public purpose, then it would perhaps be better to set it down as Mrs. Richard Roe, so everybody would know precisely who was meant and the wished-for influence be exerted.

Threatened.—You have no cause for alarm. The threatener's positive and fierce declarations are mere vaporings. He cannot compel you to marry him; and as you have done nothing which you would be unwilling to have made public, he cannot harm you. He may attempt to slander you; but as his former relations to you, and the reasons of their discontinuance, are generally known, such an attempt would recoil upon his own head. Your best course would be to refuse to see him, or to have any communication with him whatever, and then let him rave and threaten to his heart's content.

Victim.—We cannot tell to what extent you would be liable, in the event of your second marriage, unless we are informed what the decree of the court was that granted the divorce. If it was decreed that you should not marry again, while your first wife is living, it will not do for you to disobey the decree. Your best course would be to submit your case in full to some good lawyer, informing him of every point—of the abandoned character of the woman whom you so unfortunately married, and your consent to her getting a divorce from you, and everything else bearing upon the matter, and then take his advice.

Wm. Henry Harrison, Jr.—It is possible that a voyage at sea, before the mast, would improve your health and strengthen your constitution, and it might have a contrary effect. You could see but very few foreign countries during such a voyage, and would not enjoy first-class privileges for sightseeing. If your object is to gratify your curiosity in regard to foreign countries, you had better work where you are for five years, save all the money you can, master the French and German languages, and then make a tour of Europe, and also visit such other parts of the world as your means will at that time allow

Mary.—The party to whom you refer is not Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. Mr. Cobb is himself alone, and alone himself. He is nobody else, and nobody else is Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. We have heard of many people who each assumes, or permits it to be believed, that he is Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and receives attentions and favors on that ground. But all such persons are either active or passive impostors. Mr. Cobb is a veritable flesh-and-blood reality, his renowned name being his own, and not a *nom de plume*.

M. M. W.—We have no recollection of the "poem" which you say you sent us. We never look at voluntary contributions, unless they consist of cash or drafts. If your poem came to this office, it was probably thrown aside with a score of other articles—that being about the number of such contributions which we daily receive, and which are unceremoniously sent to that bourne whence no contributions ever return

Henry.—Cannot the mother of the young lady be conciliated? Perhaps a little delicate attention on the part of the daughter's lover, and a few presents adroitly made by him to his would-be-mother-in-law, might lay the foundation for a better understanding between them, and open an avenue to her heart. If this can not be done, the young people should marry, as they are both of age, and effect a harmonious adjustment of matters afterwards.

Young America.—It would not be becoming to ask a young lady while in church for her company home, but you could of course walk beside her to the door, and *then* ask her. Or, as the parents are willing that you should wait upon her, you could have it understood that you will *always* be her escort home, and thus head off "the crowd of unprincipled young men who line the way from the church door to the street."

C. B.—No. A man cannot be held to the fulfilment of a marriage engagement that was entered into before he was twenty-one, unless by some act or promise, done or made *after* he became of age, he renders it binding upon him. In the present case, you say the match was broken off while yet you were a minor, and that being the fact, you are safe from prosecution.

Julie.—We see no reason why a gentleman is "in honor bound" to send a letter to a lady after he has sealed it and written her address upon it. If, after having done this, he should make up his mind not to send the letter, we think he would have a perfect right to retain or destroy it. We do not consider the playing at billiards a proper amusement for ladies.

Stanislaw, Baltimore.—You are right in supposing that we do not relish compliments and long-drawn encomiums. We relish brevity and directness in the communications of our friends, above all other qualities. The alteration to which you refer may at some future time be made, but we can now say nothing definite in regard to that subject.

Orphan's Friend.—It is considered proper for a daughter in mourning for her father, to lay aside the sable weeds at the end of a year; and in some circles mourning is worn only six months.

Kirk.—In the Ledger for March 14, 1857, you will find a full account of the way in which application must be made for an appointment to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Pupils.—The subject of "flogging in school" is such an important one, and the principles and interests involved are so various and of such magnitude, we do not care to make an attempt to apply them in a particular case, such as that of your son. It is certainly an imperative and fundamental necessity that order be maintained in school, and that pupils yield perfect obedience; and it is our opinion that the right kind of a teacher could secure these indispensable points without a resort to brute force, or flogging. One of the chief troubles in the case is the niggardly wages paid to teachers, and another difficulty is found in the fact that parents are so indifferent as to the character of the schools which their children attend. We do not think that General Jackson or Henry Clay, had they been school teachers, would have had to resort to flogging in order to maintain order among their scholars. A glance of Old Hickory's eye would have secured more and better obedience and attention than any amount of young hickory applied to the backs of children, by some man whom nature intended for a butcher, rather than a teacher. He who has not the *gift of command* has no business at the head of a school, or anything else, but should occupy a subordinate position. When this point is once set right, school flagellations will cease, and probably not before. Until parents shall become liberal enough to pay master spirits for educating their children wisely and governing them humanely, they must, in too many instances, submit to have them educated in a hap-hazard manner, and governed, as brute beasts are governed, by fear and physical violence.

Downing.—The word "simoom" means *poison wind*. The Turks call the same wind "samiel," which means the same as the Arabic "simoom." The simoom blows generally from the direction of the nearest sandy deserts; in Syria from those of Arabia, and in Egypt from those of Africa. Its effects are said sometimes to prove instantly fatal, the corpse being livid or black like a person blasted by lightning; at other times that it produces putrid fevers, which prove mortal in a few hours, and that very few who have been struck with it ever recover. The only protection which travelers in the desert have against the simoom, is that which is afforded by lying flat on the ground with the face downwards, and so suddenly does this terrible blast sometimes come, that even this poor protection is denied them.

A Father.—Any humane person would give you information concerning your son who knew of the circumstances, and had any knowledge of his whereabouts. If he goes by his true name, Edward Taylor Johnson, you can probably soon get trace of him. A lad only eleven years of age cannot be a very bad boy, and all the elements of goodness in his nature will combine to make him yearn for the endearments of home, and will, before long, turn his wandering footsteps thitherward. We hope that any reader of the Ledger who meets with a light-haired, fair complexioned, full faced boy of the above mentioned name, will send word thereof to E. T. Johnson, at the Atlas office, New York.

M.—We think that a woman who enters into a marriage engagement with a person whom she has never seen, on the strength of his daguerreotype and the commendations of a friend, should suffer the consequences of such a foolish act. Of course, if on seeing her betrothed, she does not like him, it would be wrong for her to marry him; but having entered into the engagement, which cannot be broken without giving the gentleman pain and occasioning him many annoyances, she should be subjected to the penalty consequent upon an infraction of the contract. A marriage engagement is too solemn a thing to be entered into jestingly, or without due care and consideration.

Joshua wants to know if the nine digits can be so arranged that the columns and rows will add up *fifteen* whichever way the addition is made. Yes. This arrangement will accomplish it

2	9	4
7	5	3
6	1	8

You may add these columns or rows up any way you please, and each will make fifteen; you may add corner-wise, and the result will be the same.

Kenosha.—Give the unsophisticated young man back his rings and daguerreotype. A young lady of proper delicacy and spirit would not wish to retain any man's or boy's rings and miniature against his will even though he had voluntarily thrust them upon her. So you had better return those in question, and perhaps you would also do the young man a service by cautioning him never again to attempt to play the part of a generous gallant. He is evidently unequal to the performance of such a part.

M. J. A., Richmond.—Government lands are sold at $1 25 an acre, cash down. There are no ticket offices in Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York where you can get tickets at less than the regular rates of fare charged by the railroad companies. Everybody who offers to sell you tickets at such reduced rates are swindlers. Have nothing to do with them, but go to the regular ticket office, or else you will be cheated out of your money.

A New York Girl.—Of course you should not go to California with the young gentleman, unless he marries you before you set out. You must be exceedingly simple to think of such a thing for a moment. Nor should you attempt to deceive your father in regard to the matter. Tell him all about the engagement, and solicit his advice and parental guidance.

Swimmer.—It makes but little difference what time of day you take a bath, or what time of the year. The chief point of caution is the temperature of the body. When you are heated or perspiring, it will not do to plunge into a bath, or or to gain swimming; you must then wait till you have become cool, and the excitement of the body has been allayed.

J. E. D.—You put too many titles to the address. You should omit either the "Mr." or the "Esq." The use of either one would be correct, but to sandwich a man between the two would be spreading on the courtesy altogether too liberally. "Mr. John Smith," or "John Smith, Esq.," will answer, but "Mr. John Smith, Esq.," is ridiculous.

Jenkinson.—No. The Emperor of Russia has not yet abolished serfdom throughout his dominions, but he and his high officers of state are discussing the question, and attempting to devise some plan for freeing all the serfs in the empire. It is a stupendous undertaking and cannot be accomplished hastily.

Ella.—It is well enough for you to admire Napoleon and weep over his desolate fate at St. Helena, but you are mistaken as to his regard and respect for women. He thought poorly of them, and treated them very rudely. In some cases he was exceedingly harsh and tyrannical towards them.

Hale.—It is customary to introduce a gentleman *to* a lady, and not the lady to the gentleman. In introducing two men, the younger is introduced to the elder, or the inferior to the superior. You can get back numbers of the Ledger containing any story published since June 7th, 1856.

Cataract.—We should say that it would be rather a dubious compliment to a young lady to name a drinking saloon after her; and it is our opinion that no right minded girl would feel flattered by such a "bad distinction." Girls and liquor make an unpleasant association.

Beatrice.—A lady has a right to select and discontinue her acquaintanceships at her own will and pleasure. If she thinks she has sufficient reason to "cut" an acquaintance, she of course has a right to do so; but, at the same time, she must expect to receive "cuts" in return.

O.—If the young lady and her parents are willing you should "keep late hours" with the former, your doing so is merely a question of prudence. We think that "late hours" are bad in every respect, and should not be kept for any purpose when they can possibly be avoided.

Correspondents must use good ink and write in a legible hand. Many letters are written with such pale ink, or in such a fine, indistinct hand, that no one could decipher them without injury to his eyesight. All such letters are of course thrown aside without examination.

Ira B.—We have not time to write private letters to you and other admirers of the Ledger, however much we might be inclined to do so. We cannot say whether the exhibition of a petrified human body would pay or not. You had better consult Barnum.

Serenade.—It is not obligatory on a person who is serenaded to invite the serenaders into the house and give them refreshments. That would sometimes be paying too dearly for the honor of the music.

H. S.—We thank our correspondent for his communication, and are gratified to find the Ledger continues to increase the number of its friends, and to commend itself to the wise and good.

Augustus.—By going to any first class jeweler's to buy a watch you will get the worth of your money—that is, you will get a good watch at a fair price. Do not buy a cheap article; if you do, you will be apt to get cheated.

L. K.—You are mistaken. Franklin was not an infidel. He had some peculiar views on minor theological points, but on all the great, fundamental truths of religion he was sound to the core.

Snow Drop.—We differ in opinion with you. We think it is improper for a man to use profane language under any circumstances whatever.

Clara.—We do not believe in masked balls. They are under the bann of respectable society, and we are of the opinion that no virtuous woman would attend one.

Traveler.—You write an excellent letter for a boy, but the information you desire we cannot give.

T. J. M.—If you *think* it is sinful to play the organ in church for hire, you should not do so.

Sailor Boy.—You would do better by obeying your mother and staying at home than by going to sea.

West End.—No title page or table of contents for the Ledger is ever published.

G. C. B.—We think a man would be very foolish to select a wife from among actresses, unless he were himself an actor.

*** Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*